The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

Rev J C Bucher L M M

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THE MESSENGER.

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Editor-in-Chief.

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TERMS.

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Poetry.

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear!

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength! be Thou our stay
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way

Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head!

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own!
Help, O help us to endure!
Fit us for Thy promised crown!

So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings!

—*Henry Downton.*

Communications.

For The Messenger.

OUR PUBLICATION INTERESTS.

The MESSENGER certainly cannot be charged with wearying or worrying its readers with weekly appeals for new subscribers' dues, and calls for help, as is the case with some religious journals. Its tone is earnest and manly, indicating good taste on the part of its editors, as well as a consciousness of strength. It may be allowed an outsider, therefore, to say a few words in its behalf, and for our publication interests generally.

After the encouraging and satisfactory report made to the late Synods, by a special committee appointed for the purpose, in regard to the financial condition of our Publication House, the Church should not only give their entire confidence, but also their undivided support and liberal patronage. Unjust criticism and croaking should cease, and every man put his shoulder to the work of building up our publication interests. If this be done, there is no question but a short time will see them established on a solid and firm basis.

Our publications are surely worthy of the warm support of the Church. The MESSENGER is edited with ability and dignity, while it breathes a genial and charitable spirit. There is no "sham" about it, no pampering to a fictitious, popular taste. Every number is prepared with care; its strength is not expended in fitful starts, but it maintains its merits regularly and steadily. In size and external appearance generally, it compares favorably with the best religious journals.

The *Mercersburg Review*, the *Guardian*, and the *Child's Treasury*, each has its own peculiar merits. The value of the *Review* may be inferred from the diligence with which the old and back numbers generally are sought after. Its contents are not of mere ephemeral worth. The fact that the pen, which for so many years has added to its interest, the pen of our worthy Dr. J. W. Nevin, is still contributing to its pages, is itself sufficient to commend its claims to all who take a serious interest in true theology. May he live many years yet to instruct us with his ripe wisdom! The *Guardian* is in the hands of one, upon whom the mantle of its first editor, Dr. Harbaugh, of happy memory, seems to have fallen for the special mission that Monthly is designed to fill. And the faithful and industrious editor of the *Child's Treasury* sends forth a paper for the children of the Church, as fresh and healthful as the air of his own mountain home hard by the towering *Alleghenies*. These editors and their coadjutors all work with untiring diligence and marked ability, and deserve the united support of the Church.

We need, perhaps, say nothing to commend the steadfast devotion, sound judgment, and business ability of the Manager of our Publication Interests. These have commended themselves to the Church more eloquently in acts than they could be in words. After planting these interests on a firm footing, through much labor and self-denial at Chambersburg, where he was called to take charge of them in his earlier years, he followed them from the ashes of the conflagration there, and out of the ruins, has toiled through years, until he has again placed them upon a safe foundation in Philadelphia. The report of a competent and disinterested committee to the late Synods, is a full and satisfactory vindication of the marked ability, with which, through many and great difficulties, he has managed these important interests of the Church. Dr. Fisher has known what it is to toil for the Church, and though grey with increasing years, his vigor is unabated.

The Church owes a duty to the *Printing Establishment*, as it is usually called, and to the Board of Managers, under whose careful and wise direction it has been carried forward. How can this duty be discharged? In reply, some of the ways may be stated. The subscription lists need to be increased. This, it may be said, is an old story. So it is, but what interest of the Church has ever been built up without long-continued effort? We hear year in and year out of the work of Missions, Beneficiary Education, Orphans' Home, our Literary and Theological Institutions, and we hope to continue to hear of them and from them in appeals for help, as well as in their blessed fruit; for they are all like arteries that carry the heart-blood of the Church to infuse life into every part. But the Publication Interest is worthy to stand abreast with any and all of them in its claims for support. These periodicals cannot be sustained, unless a sufficient number of subscribers is furnished, and this the Church has not yet done. Now that the real or imaginary difficulties that stood in the way of some are removed, let all join in the work of enlarging the number of subscribers to all these periodicals, which represent us so well as a Church.

Let our interest in the prosperity of our Publication House induce every one, so far as he has opportunity or influence in that way, to labor to increase the sales of the same. If books can be purchased as cheaply elsewhere, our denominational pride, if nothing else, should lead us to give the preference to our own Establishment. Let service be rendered in aiding the collection of outstanding dues. And last, though not least, let the Church be ready and willing to make contributions when called upon, and also when not called upon, for the support of the Publication Board. It is a mistake to say that the business ought to support itself. Other interests of such public character require capital and endowment. Why should not this be furnished with the same? It publishes periodicals under cost, in order to satisfy the wants of the Church. Who should pay for this, if not the Church, whose interests are served and promoted? We hope the time may soon come, when it will be considered not only a duty, but a privilege for the wealthy men of the Church, as well as others, to contribute to the endowment of our Publication House, so that it may have the means to perform its full work for the progress and welfare of the Church. We have, unsolicited, spoken this word for a worthy cause. May it serve in some small degree at least to increase the interest, which we believe is now coming to be more generally felt than ever, in the House located at 907 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA! LUX.

Selected.

GERMAN RATIONALISM.

BY REV. JOSEPH COOK.

It is an exceedingly suggestive sign of the times, said Mr. Cook, that in proportion to population, Great Britain has but one student in a course of higher university education where Germany has five. Philadelphia ought not to be ashamed in being the fifth German city, nor New York in being the fourth. In this age it is from Germany that decisions in momentous intellectual questions proceed. Every day the world grows more international. There are now no foreign lands. It has been said that in England one is never altogether outside of London, for it inflames the whole island; so in science one is never quite outside the best universities, for they inflame the whole country.

After referring to the former condition of Germany, before Austria was humbled and Sedan fought and German unity accomplished, he said: Suppose that there was to be lifted some new continent from the Atlantic equal to the Greek in intellectual power. On that continent let moral culture be abandoned in the family; let church life be weak; let political causes be a check to the Church; let wars storm over the territory; let public discussions be free in science and theology; let the universities of that nation lead the world in modern science; let Christianity be probed to the utmost, let it go through many a struggle, let it fight its way with every disadvantage, let it be partly triumphed over for three generations, let it rally and prevail among scholars in the department of religious critics, let it come forth among such critics, crowned, as we should say, if God would lift such a continent from the Atlantic with such beams shooting high; such a continent He has lifted in the last century—Germany.

You may say in Philadelphia or New York, that your merchants must explore all zones; so these scholars and these citizens have their eyes in all quarters of creation. You know the gold room in Philphia and New York must have its eye the gold rooms of London and Berlin, and so the gold rooms of Girard College and other universities and scholarships must have their eyes on the gold room of Berlin. Immarkets of the world have usually been governed by international, rather than national influences. I do not ask what have been the causes of the power of Rationalism Germany in the last hundred years; what are the proofs of its decline in the German universities; I am not discussing the discussion of Rationalism in Germany, but among specialists in theological science in German universities; a much more limited range.

The decline of Rationalism in Germany is not so much due to the effects of theological study as to the methods of study in use among the common classes of the people. The average German natures are not well balanced as the English, though broader and more subtle, and deeper in nearly every phase of the inner life; except the real English traits—self-esteem and love of power.

There are three types of the German people; the Schiller, knowing little of theology; the Bismarck, who drift to power; and the Goethe, which is the national type. Carlyle says of Goethe, that he always advised all men to avoid speculation; he was more of a Greek than German in that respect. A man who speculates is like an animal driven about by an evil spirit feeding upon barrennesses, while all around it is a green meadow. But of Schiller, Carlyle says: "He was large and strong in body, with irregular features." A German philosopher with the irregular head of Schiller, is sure to be one-sided, unbalanced. It is of vast consequence for us to know whether our public leaders are fragments of men, or fully formed and endowed with real brain power. The system of Rationalism in Germany, has come from small, irregular brains, as in the case of Strauss.

In Germany there is not that distinction between the converted and unconverted so familiar to the people of England, Scotland, and the United States. "Is Bismarck a Christian?" I once asked of an accomplished German teacher in Heidelberg. He answered: "Why not, is he a Jew or Mohammedan?" To ask that question in the English sense of the term, you must use expletives, as: "Is a man a shining Christian?" Church discipline is no more than a name. We have no Sabbath-schools in Halle, Heidelberg, Dresden, or Leipsic, and prayer-meetings are unknown; but American Sabbath-schools have lately been introduced in the land of the Rhine and Elbe, which now must contain more than one hundred thousand scholars. Germany once took the Bible out of her schools, but she became convinced that she needed the Bible in her schools as a civilizing measure, and she put it back, and gave an opportunity for both Catholic and Calvinistic teachers to teach from the Bible each for themselves at different hours. The consequence is, an hour is set apart for teaching the children Biblical history and the catechism. A teacher who had passed an examination gave a lecture of an hour to the boys, and caused them to take down the heads of the discourse; the lecture was as thorough as would have been given to most classes of theological students.

The speaker in referring to the class of books in circulation among the students, said: "In Halle, in 1872, I found in a large circulating library, in the best bookstore of the city, a complete set of eighteen or twenty volumes by an infamous French writer, whose productions, if exposed for sale in Edinburgh, London or Boston, would be seized by the police, and would ruin the reputation of dealer and purchaser. These books were worn black by use."

It was of no consequence what was thought of theology in Paris; eternity was not visible from that city; scratch the back of civilization in Europe once, and you have the empire; scratch it twice, and you have the thirty years' war and the middle ages. The thirty years' war destroyed half the population of Germany, and left it divided into three hundred petty States, each with the right to declare war and make peace for itself. In Switzerland, Germany lost its best forces, in Holland its best ports. When in 1689 the French blew up the stores of Heidelberg; when Germany had no colony on any shore, and showed no flag on any ocean, then Louis XIV.'s plan was to defend himself against the power of Germany; Red Republicanism makes White Republicanism unpopular in Europe. Evil is that day in any nation when religion and political issues flow in contrary directions, for a whirlpool is created which cannot be controlled. German civil life is usually an unruffled scene. Newspapers there have very little power, and attract very little talent. There are no newspapers in Germany which will compare with those of England and America. The universities absorb talents which would otherwise be employed upon newspapers in discussion of public topics. The discussions in the universities generally drift to philosophy and theology, and not politics. Think of it, what would be the result if all the politicians of New York and Philadelphia were turned into theologians! The students of the German universities and the professors are thus kept on specialities. A student's being put at a particular study is like a man at the bottom of a well, who digs down deeper and deeper and discovers veins of ore. All his future depends upon sinking his own shaft deeply, and he is a hermit at the bottom of it. It is the usual temptation of scholarship to immerse itself in these deep veins and not come up, thereby getting a peculiar form of blindness. He works in that speciality, probably finding something new, and perhaps proving the old, but he never comes up to ascertain that there are other wells beside the one in which he is working. The secret of the power of the universities of Germany is in their dependence upon the State. The students graduate in the gymnasium and go into the service of the State. At present no one can enter the civil service except through the gate of a State Examination Class. How would the power of our universities be enlarged were it possible here for any to obtain a position at the bar, or as a physician, or minister, without passing a university examination? The rule in Germany is that a man must pass a university course of study, or State examination as an equivalent. America is ruled by majorities, England by Aristocracy, and Germany by universities and civil service. A German is introversive. He will sit as if he was asleep. Going into my club room one night to find a German book, I noticed a man who sat alone in a large apartment, where supper had just been cleared away; his eyes were closed, his whole form intent. Had I not known him to be a German, I should have thought him to be asleep; as I was leaving the room, he was moving his finger around on the outside of his ear with a spiral motion, by which he was evolving philosophy from the depths of his consciousness. This I have noticed in the German again and again on the banks of the Elbe and the Rhine, but whoever saw an Italian in that position?

New materials have been brought to theology during the last few years, but they needed investigation. German Rationalism has disgusted the scholars, and was now trying to overthrow an empire which was the guarantee of peace in Europe. The question between Bismarck and the Pope is, first a citizen, and then a Catholic; or first a Catholic, and then a citizen. Rationalism has had help from other sources than its own intellectual power. This among the uneducated has a wonderful influence. In Germany, the Rationalistic rooms are empty, when eighty years ago they were crowded, and those of the evangelistic empty. In this country we must give our German population an example of how to observe the Sabbath. We ought to remember that our railroad kings will drive their trains from Plymouth rock to the Golden Gate, and we stand still and say not a word. The German thinks on Sunday he can go to the beer-garden and enjoy himself; let us show him that in this country we respect [illegible] we

The defeat of skeptical schools is familiar to all the people; each skeptic laughs at the other. Strauss' mythical theory of the creation was dead and buried long before its author. The research of Rationalism has opened many new avenues, and the attacks of infidelity are not an unmixed evil. Criticism has grown up on subjects of theology, and new systems are used to reach the origin of Christianity and to expose the growth of legends. The result of investigation has always been to defeat skeptics and furnish proof to scholars that Divine truth is unassailable. The great contest is between faith and unbelief. A test of scholarship in these contests is not to argue for a day, but all the time. I go to the battle-fields of the history of the churches in these matters, and I have a victory for every day in 1800 years. I lie down upon the ground, and have no narrow view. I look up to the sky, and see Him whose face is terrible. He is seated upon the white horse, and near Him is the throne; about Him are the hundreds of thousands who have been washed and made white, who salute Him with harps and hail Him as the "Lord of lords and King of kings."

—*Presbyterian Journal.*

EFFECT OF A HOLY LIFE.

A holy life uniformly leads to a safe and happy death. What convincing majesty in the one, what subduing glory in the other—a holy life, a triumphant death? A holy life is a perpetual sun shining in his strength, day after day, and shedding on all around his enlightening and warming beams; a holy life is an ever-flowing river, fertilizing its banks and clothing them with never-fading verdure; a holy life is an unfailing fountain sending forth its gushing streams to refresh the way-worn and weary; a holy life is an endless telegraph-line, stretching itself all along the devious highways of human existence, and guiding the lonely and the lost to a safe destination. We are told concerning Lord Peterborough, who was more famed for his wit than for his religion, that, having once lodged with Archbishop Fenelon, he was so impressed with his fervent piety and with his beautiful Christian character, that, on parting with him, he said, "I must stay no longer, or I shall become a Christian in spite of myself," thus showing the power of a holy life. Can we wonder that such a life should be crowned with a triumphant death?

—*Rev. N. Vansant.*

Family Reading.

THE STOCKING BASKET.

Cosily thron'd in her cushion'd chair,
A mother reclined from toil and care,
Except the darning of a stocking
And her chair's perpetual rocking.
I thought I had somewhere seen it styled
The plague of life, such a basket piled
With tiresome, everlasting stitching,
With work so very unbewitching;
And as she broke the thread asunder,
Weaving in and out, over and under,
I wished the rents in human life
Could be mended with as little strife.

She took in her hand a tiny thing,
All striped with a white and scarlet ring,
And smiled as she thought of the silken hair
And laughing eyes of her darling fair;
Of the rosy lips and dainty hands,
The pleading cries and the loud demands.
She sighed as she thought of the world untried,
And up and down her needle plied,
She knew it said, O, blessed are such!
And stroked her work with a tender touch,
Softly folded and laid it away,
As the little feet in slumber lay.

But on the next a tear-drop lingers;
The mother wrought with trembling fingers,
And sadly bowed with an anxious face,
Appealing on high for strength and grace
To guide the steps of her wayward son,
To bless and protect her erring one,
Nor suffer the wand'ring feet to roam
Forth from the love of his early home,
To shield him from the glittering net
The tempter with costly jewels had set;
To save him from the sparkling bowl,
And all the dangers that sear the soul.

As on the third her looks were bent,
The face wore a smile of sweet content,
For the fair-haired girl whose gentle ways
Were extolled by all with voice of praise;
For her the sunshine ever glowed,
And from her lips rare music flowed;
With graceful carriage and modest mien,
She moved through life like a fair young queen;
The mother said, with a fervent prayer,
May heaven shield her from harm and care,
From cruel want, and the stings that smart,
From the bruises of a blighted heart.

The next were for those whose feet had trod
For many summers the earth's green sod;
And the storms of many winters felt,
In joys had smiled, and in sorrows knelt;
No cloud so dark, but the glimmering hue
Of the sunrise ever struggled through;
No gloom so deep, faith could not brighten;
No toil so hard love could not lighten.

The last for one who was passing down
To her narrow [illegible] clinging to a
A light of glory round [illegible]
Peacefully sinking to the quiet rest,
Awaiting those of the truly blest;
For her she plead the right to share
All tender aid and watchful care.

And thus the stockings all were mended;
With each stitch a thought was blended;
With every thread for future wear,
The weaving in of a silent prayer.

From the Chicago Tribune.

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

There are few days in all the calendar of holidays more interesting than that which we know as Twelfth-night, better known in the Church almanac as Epiphany, or Little Christmas, and known throughout Germany and in some parts of Italy as the festival of the Three Kings of Cologne.

For ourselves, we always connect the mention of Twelfth-night with the idea of a jolly time—children's games at chances, a Twelfth-night cake with a lucky ring in it, the Twelfth-night sweetmeats snatched from the blue flames of burning brandy, and all such merry, noisy cheer; and we seldom remember that it is the remnant of a once really magnificent ceremonial of church and state. We bake our cake and put our ring and our thimble and our silver piece in it—the ring for the bride, the thimble for the spinster, the silver for the rich one—and the children come and break it with glee, and tread the crumbs into the carpet; and we forget to stop and tell them any of the wonderful legends belonging to the day, or even of the famous election of a king for the day by means of a bean hidden in exactly such a cake as that they have just divided—a custom probably adopted from that of the little children in old Rome, who drew lots with beans at the close of the Saturnalia for a similar object; and one that in France was held to be prophetic of a year's luck, as to say, "he has found the bean" has become a proverb of good fortune.

Once upon a time, Mary Stuart in her palmy days, played out this little play with her court at Holyrood; and the bean falling to Mary Fleming, the beautiful queen, whose chief fault certainly was not a want of good nature, crowned this one of the four Marys—"Mary Seton, Mary Beton, Mary Livingston, and I"—and did homage to her as sovereign, arraying her in all her own robes and jewels. She wore on that gay night, as we are told, "a gown of cloth of silver; her head, her neck, her shoulders, the rest of her whole body, so beset with stones that more in our whole jewel-house were not to be found. And the cheer was great." This fashion of the cake was in good repute long before and long after the hapless queen crowned her maiden. As late as the time of the Roundheads and Cavaliers the cake was baked, and the bean was found, and the king was crowned.

The celebration of Twelfth-night, pretty custom as it is with those of us who observe it in our more quiet and domestic way, was once a grand and solemn ecclesiastical affair, and in some respects and in some countries is so still. It was held most especially to do honor to the Three Kings or Magi who, led by the blazing star, bore their offerings to the infant King of the Jews—Melchior the gold that typified His royalty, Jasper the frankincense in token of His divinity, Balthazar the myrrh in recognition of His sorrows. There used to be a church ceremonial, somewhat resembling the old mysteries, a drama of three priests meeting from various ways before the altar, with chanting inquiry and response; a procession around the church after the star in the East, which then began to glimmer—in some places represented by an iron ring let down from the roof, and bearing seven tapers to shine fitly as Lucifer; a couple of priests at the grand altar withdrawing a veil and displaying the sleeping child; the acts of worship, and the distribution of the gifts following; and then the three priests sinking into slumber before the altar are visited in their sleep by a singing boy, who represents the angel, and chants, "All things which the prophets said are fulfilled."

This, however, was a very trifling ceremony beside the mighty affair at Milan, as the festival was held there in the fourteenth century under the auspices of the preaching friars. There the Three Kings, on splendidly caparisoned horses, appeared in the street, wearing their crowns and robes, surrounded by their guards and gentlemen, and followed by a great train, with a golden star held aloft in the air at some distance before them. They kept on their magnificent way to a spot where King Herod with his court awaited them; then there were question and answer and consultation with the wise men, and the three kings shook their bridles and set out for the place that performed the part of Bethlehem—a church in a distant square—wearing still their gold crowns and bearing splendid vases full of [illegible] added, patting her chee[k] [illegible] good [illegible]." [illegible] and as last a procession of all the animals under the sun as could be procured attending them, and a reverential and awe-struck crowd everywhere about. At Bethlehem they found the sacred objects, the manger built beside the high altar; and they gave their gifts and offered worship, while knights and ladies and princes swelled the throng and added to it glorious display. Of course, all this pageantry has passed away, but the day nevertheless continues to be one of festivity. It is a little odd that in Rome; where one would expect the pageantry, if anywhere, to be in full play, the day is kept only with a sort of gay mockery; a fantastic figure called Beffana going about the streets amidst the sallies and laughter and fun of the populace, and the children there hanging up their stockings on going to bed, as they do here twelve days previous; and if they are good children, Beffana has filled them with toys and candies; but if they are bad, there is a little switch.

In England, Twelfth-night was kept, and is still, with great gayety and some ceremony. There the rights of women, though, used to be more conspicuously regarded; as there was always, in the old time, a queen as well as a king of the day. That there were some superstitions concerning the day there, is evident from one of its celebrations, in which the king, after his election, was raised to the roof, where he chalked each of the rafters with a cross, as a protection against foul charms and evil spirits.

The nobility, indeed, had a right royal diversion on Twelfth-night in England; though with us commoners, it would hardly be thought a gentle sport—having mimic plays, in which pasteboard castles were blown up, claret flowed freely as the bloodshed of the fray, the company throwing egg-shells filled with rose-water at each other, like the actors in a very carnival, and all manner of practical jokes being in full force, such as the very disagreeable one when an inquisitive person, lifting the lid of a pasty, out hops a swarm of live frogs upon him. It was on Twelfth-night that Ben Jonson had his *Masque of Hymen* performed before the court, and on Twelfth-night that Lord Bacon accorded permission to the gentlemen of Gray's Inn to perform a mask at Whitehall; and the hall of the Middle Temple, with its carved screen, and gallery, and raised dais, old arms and armor, is still standing, in which Shakspeare's play of *Twelfth-night; or What You Will*, in the [illegible] mention that we have of it, was [illegible] in one of those interludes where [illegible] and benchers, escorted by the [illegible] of the Revels or the Lord of Mis[illegible]rule, danced in galliards and corantos [illegible] and a sea-coal fire, till the younger ones [illegible] danced the elders down, when a stage-play was represented.

On the whole, we think our own fashion of keeping Twelfth-night is as good as any, and has the advantage of being simple and harmless, while giving as much enjoyment as if it were more elaborate. Many of our Sunday-schools have their Christmas-trees on that day, the last of the holidays, instead of on the grander first of the holidays; and it is very common in our cities for the churches to have a tree on Little Christmas for sailors, for wanderers and wayfarers, for beggars, or for any whom it might not be exactly suitable to introduce at the earlier feast. And meantime the making and baking of the family cake, the hiding and the finding of the ring in it, afford in most of our families a world of amusement to the young people, and of quiet satisfaction to the elder ones who overlook the sport, which is quite as healthful and often as memorable to the participants as the stately shows of the Old World's Twelfth-night.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words, while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them.

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the tenderness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kisses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no [illegible] Nellie [illegible] day.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

[illegible]TNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

[illegible]hymakes a striking computation in [illegible]gard to the shortness of life. I never [illegible]ll it without being powerfully impressed by its truth. "Consider," he says, the time spent in sleep, and you will find that a man actually lives only half his space. The other half passes in a state resembling death. You do not take into the account the years of infancy, which are destitute of reason, nor the many diseases and the many cares of old age, those penalties of longevity. The senses grow dull, the limbs are palsied, the sight, the hearing, the power of walking; the teeth also die before us; and yet all this time is reckoned in the period of a life." But, short as life is at the best, those who complain of its brevity, let it slide by them without wishing to seize and make the most of its golden moments. How much time do we waste in indecision, in vain regrets, delusive hopes, and ungrounded fears! What a vast portion of our precious existence is wasted in mere waiting—"waiting for something that seems necessary for our happiness and the want of which prevents us from enjoying the present hour."

HE WANTED TO BE FORGIVEN.

On a recent Sabbath I had the pleasure of leading class in the church to which I belong, and during the recital of experiences a very worthy brother related the following touching and beautiful story:

"One day last week, as I had just seated myself at dinner, I was told that a boy outside on horseback wished to see me. I went out and found it was a neighbor's boy. I invited him in, but he declined, saying that he had something weighing very heavily upon his mind, and that he could not rest until he had told it to me. 'I have,' said the boy, with tears in his eyes, 'trespassed a number of times on your property, stolen your fruit, etc., and I could not rest until I had asked your forgiveness.' I told him taking my fruit was no injury to me; that if God had forgiven his sins, it was all right with me. He rode off, thanking me, and seemed much relieved."

"Now," continued the brother, "that boy displayed a very different spirit from a certain brother with whom I had a conversation the other day. I told him he should be willing to ask forgiveness of a friend whom he had offended, and that he should forgive his brother. 'O no!' said he, 'I can't do that; it lies too deep in my heart.' And yet that man desires God and the Church to forgive him. But Jesus says, 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses.'"

HOME.

There are a few words the mere sound of which causes a thrill of pleasure. Prominent among these is that of home. Yes! "Sweet Home." What spot so delightful, or around which cling such fond memories as that dearest spot of earth, where, perhaps, have been spent most of our days from infancy to the present time. Why is it that houses and lands descend from fathers to sons, and thence to grandsons, and remain for generations in the same family? Is it not because of the pleasant memories of the past which the surroundings awaken? *Here*, perhaps, is a vine that was planted by a beloved mother's hand; and *there*, a gigantic shade tree which owes its symmetry to the careful attention of a long-since departed grandsire.

The traveler in a far-off land in the discharge of duty, or in the pursuit of pleasure, has his cares made lighter or his joys enhanced by visions of home. And often in dreams he hears the melody of voices that are far away. He thinks how delightful it will be to interest the family circle with a recital of adventures. But perhaps sickness comes and places him upon a bed of pain. The fever scorches his brain and his pulse beats rapid strokes. Then how quickly does the expression arise within him, if he does not give it utterance, "Oh! that I were at home and surrounded by loved ones who would make every effort to alleviate my sufferings, and would delight to minister to my every want, and gratify my slightest wish." Then he realizes more fully than ever that "there is no place like home."

How vast the difference in homes! Some are of commodious proportions and costly materials and elegant in design, while others of are meagre size, unpolished material and rude architecture. But there is another difference, far greater and vastly more important. It is, that in some homes dwell love and contentment, while in others continual strife. Each member of the family has his or her part to perform towards making home beautiful and pleasant—emblem of the happy home above. Every effort made to adorn and beautify the house and its surroundings will be noticed and appreciated. And not a single kind word, spoken with a pure motive, will be in vain. Happiness dwells not always in palaces, nor is misery ever to be found in humbler dwellings. 'Tis not the outward surroundings entirely that make a home what it is, but the inmates. Show me a home where love abides, be it in castle or cot, and I will show you a home where true happiness reigns.—*The Ray.*

NOT YET TOO LATE.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

It is not yet too late, not yet too late,
After long days and years—
Not yet too late in this my outcast state,
To come, with longing tears,
Crying, O God, the wounded soul
Of man refused, refused!
Wilt Thou not take and make it whole,
Sore pierced, and bruised?

It is not yet too late. At the eleventh hour
The golden door will yield;
Home, safety, rest, God's boundless power
To heal, and cleanse, and shield;
God's love to compass round and round
Our longing human need;
God's love that maketh whole and sound
The broken reed.

Not yet too late, though evening shadows fall;
My long day fades and wanes—
My wasted day. Thou, Father, seest all
The wounds, and scars, and stains.
Naked my sin-worn heart before Thee lies.
Dear Lord, wilt Thou forgive?
Wilt Thou accept the poor, poor sacrifice,
And bid me live?

HOW TO PUT CHILDREN TO BED.

Not with a reproof of that day's omission or commission. Take any other time but bed-time for that. If you ever heard a little creature sobbing in its sleep, you could never do this. Seal their closing eyelids with a kiss and a blessing. The time will come, all too soon, when they will lay their heads upon their pillows lacking both. Let them at least have this sweet memory of a happy childhood, of which no future sorrow or trouble can rob them. Give them their rosy youth. Nor need this involve wild license. The judicious parent will not so mistake my me[illegible] If you ever met the man or the [illegible] whose eyes have suddenly filled [illegible] little child has crept trustingly [illegible] mother's breast, you may have se[illegible] in whose childhood's home digni[illegible] severity stood where love an[illegible] should have been. Too much indu[illegible] has ruined thousands of childre[illegible] much love not one.—*Churchman.*

There is many a gem in the path of li[illegible]
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled cr[illegible]
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

WHAT IS BRIC-A-BRAC?—The origin of the word answers the question accurately enough. It is a French compound phrase, a corruption of an older compound, *bric-et-brac*, derived from *bric*, which was a sort of weapon used in hunting, and from *broc*, a corruption of the low-Latin word *broca*, a kitchen spit. The original compound meant what we might call a "pick-up" meal, served quickly and of whatever can be got at quickly. The compound now in use means, we may say, "odds and ends," old watches, clocks, pictures, weapons, ornaments, furniture, statuettes.

A "HOUSEKEEPER'S" RULE FOR THE SICK-ROOM.—1. Bring in fresh flowers or something new every day; even the commonest green thing is better than nothing. 2. Don't talk about anything unpleasant. Talk about something that will lead the patient's thoughts away from his aches and pains, and leave him in a cheerful and restful state of mind. 3. Follow the doctor's directions implicitly. 4. Never ask a sick person what he wants to eat. If he asks for anything that will not injure him, get it if you can. Never bring him much at a time. A little bit in a dainty dish will sometimes tempt the appetite when a large quantity would cause nausea. 5. Expect sick persons to be unreasonable, and humor them.

CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS.—Cleanliness is as necessary to the health of plants as to animals, and it is, therefore, necessary to secure them from dust as much as possible, and also to cleanse the plants [illegible]ently by syringing [illegible]. Even here a little caution is necessary, for while the smooth-leaved plants are benefited, not only by showering, but even by washing the leaves with a cloth or sponge, the rough-leaved plants, like the Begonia Rex, do not like to have the surface of their leaves frequently moistened. It would, therefore, be well to remove such plants before syringing. Take every precaution, however, to prevent the accumulation of dust upon the plants; and above all endeavor to screen them from that terrible infliction, carpet-sweeping. It may be well enough to kill some people by compelling them to breathe clouds of dust, but send the children into the fresh air to skate, or to snowball and screen the plants, if possible. The essentials of success in plant culture are suitable soil, air, light, moderate and regular heat, a moist atmosphere, regular and moderate watering, and freedom from dust and foul gas.—*Vick's Guide.*

THINGS TO REMEMBER.—Remember that mirrors should never be hung where the sun shines directly upon them. They soon look misty, grow rough or granulated, and no longer give back a correct picture. The amalgam or union of tinfoil with mercury, which is spread on glass to form a looking-glass, is easily ruined by the direct, continued exposure to the solar rays.

Remember that lemons can be kept sweet and fresh for months by putting them in a clean, tight cask or jar, and covering with cold water. The water must be changed as often as every other day, and the cask kept in a cool place.

Remember that a tablespoonful of black pepper will prevent gray or buff linen from spotting, if stirred into the first water in which they are washed. It will also prevent the colors running, when washing black or colored cambrics or muslins, and the water is not injured by it, but just as soft as before the pepper was put in.

Remember that one can have the hands in soap suds with soft soap without injury to the skin if the hands are dipped in vinegar or lemon juice immediately after. The acids destroy the corrosive effects of the alkali and make the hands soft and white. Indian meal and vinegar or lemon juice used on the hands when roughened by cold or labor, will heal and soften them. Rub the hands in this; then wash off thoroughly and rub in glycerine. Those who suffer from chapped hands in the winter will find this comforting.—*Exchange.*

Miscellaneous.

MEMENTOES.

Down deep in the lowermost drawer,
Away from the cold, careless gaze,
They lie in a time-tinted cover—
Mementoes of earlier days.

There lies in that precious package
A note; but the delicate hand
That traced it hath long swayed a sceptre
Afar off in Beulah's fair land.

Beside it a lock, brightly silvered
With time and the toils of the past,
Is laid; but the Infinite bosom
That weary head pillows at last.

Another, of deep glossy blackness,
Recalls a beloved mother's care.
She went ere the dews of life's evening
Had fallen, the kingdom to share.

These others—ah! well, 'tis enough
The ribbon all soiled to untie;
Too bitter the griefs they awaken—
Touch not—undisturbed let them lie.

He only who fashioned so wisely
The heart, can its secrets best keep;
Then, wake not their sad, mournful echoes,
But tenderly hush them to sleep.

ENGLISH BELL RINGING.

A number of bells hung together is called a "ring," the number generally varying from five to a dozen, which last is the greatest number that has yet been hung in a steeple. When the highest note—the treble bell—is sounded first, and followed by the consecutive notes until the deepest or "tenor" bell is struck, the bells are said to be rung in "rounds."

The fascination which this art has for its followers is shown by the fact that all the great performances in ringing have been undertaken solely for the honor accorded to such feats. When a peal of five thousand changes is attempted, it is considered of no account unless it is "true." The requirements are somewhat exacting. If the same change should occur twice, through an error of the composer, it is a "false" peal. The ringing must be completed without a stop or hitch; and as at any time during the three hours that will probably be occupied, a ringer may lose his way, and cause the others to be confused, a "jumble out" will probably ensue; the conductor may miss a "call," which is required to carry the changes to the length required, or may make one too many; a man may miss his rope and send his bell over the balance; or a rope may break. Thus until the last change of a peal is struck, it is never safe for the ringers to congratulate themselves upon its performance.

Now-a-days long peals are only considered as feats when the same men—only one man to each bell—ring throughout the peal. When a peal of great length is attempted there is, therefore, cause to fear that at the last moment one of the men at the "heavy end," as the bells near the tenor are called, may knock up. For instance, in ringing according to Stedman's principle—a very complicated method, on eleven bells—the peal of 7392 changes rung in 1848 in four hours and fifty-five minutes at St. Martin's, Birmingham, where the tenor bell weighs thirty-five hundredweight, continued the "longest on record" until 1851, when it was beaten by the College Youths, a very old established London society of ringers, who rang 7524 changes in five hours and twenty-four minutes at St. Giles', Cripplegate, where the tenor weighs thirty-six hundredweight. The Cumberland Youths, another old London society, thereupon tried to beat this performance by ringing 8184 changes at St. Michael's, Cornhill, the tenor of which ring weighs forty-one hundredweight. On the first occasion they "jumbled out" after ringing nearly six thousand changes; and at a subsequent attempt rang six hours and two minutes, but were then so knocked up that they could not finish the peal, and were compelled to stop when they had rung 7746 changes. Now, although this was longer than the peal rung by the College Youths, it was an incomplete performance, not being continued until the bells returned to the order of rounds, which they would have done at the 8184th change. The Cripplegate peal was at last beaten by a peal of 8448 changes, rung in 1858, at Painswick in Gloucestershire. Although the tenor of the ring of twelve at Painswick only weighs twenty-eight hundredweight, the College Youths actually attempted to beat this length at St. Saviour's, Southwark, where the tenor weighs fifty-two hundredweight. They were, however, unsuccessful, as after ringing over eight thousand changes in six hours and a half, they got into a "jumble," and thus a most remarkable feat was lost, and considered of no account, when another half-hour would have completed a performance which might never have been excelled. In their next attempt the College Youths were more fortunate, as on April 27, 1861, they rang at St. Michael's, Cornhill, in six hours and forty-one minutes, a peal of 8580 changes of Stedman's Cinques, which still remains the longest length rung in this method on eleven bells.—*Chambers' Journal.*

PORCELAIN PAINTING.

There is no pleasanter or more fashionable occupation at the present day than that of painting on china. This art has, for some time, been very popular among German ladies, especially in Dresden and Berlin, where the facilities for painting and firing the china are much greater than with us. In England, the Mintons have established an art studio at South Kensington, and nearly all of their finest porcelain is decorated there by talented lady artists. At the Doulton Pottery, in London, over fifty young ladies, who have studied under Mr. Sparks, are engaged in the decoration of the Lambeth faience, and one of them, Miss Hannah B. Barlow, is considered by a London art critic, as the equal of Rosa Bonheur, in the delineation of animals Outside of these schools of art there are a great many talented lady artists in England, and not long since an exhibition of paintings on porcelain by artists and amateurs was held in London under the patronage of H. I. H., the Crown Princess of Germany. These pictures were all original and attracted a great deal of attention, with a unanimous expression of approval from the art critics. The gold medal, presented by the Crown Princess, for the competition of lady amateurs, was won by Mrs. George Stapleton, who exhibited three fine designs of flowers and fruit, conventionally treated. Many other paintings were almost equally meritorious.

In this country the art has not made so much progress, but in Cincinnati, New York and Boston, there are a number of really talented artists, who make a specialty of painting on porcelain, besides a host of more or less skillful amateurs. In Chicago there are several ladies who do really excellent work, and the number of these would undoubtedly be greater were it not for the technical difficulties to be mastered before one can paint readily on such a substance as porcelain. The greatest trouble is, that in painting, the colors should be painted in side by side, not over one another, as, in the latter case, they would not come out clear and pure after being fired. The only exception to this rule is that dark shades may be painted over lighter shades of the same color. Then, too, the colors cannot be mixed together, to form other shades with the same freedom as when oil colors are used, as the result after the piece was fired, might be something very different from what was intended The chemical combinations of the different colors have to be carefully studied and experimented with before it is safe to mix them. Then, too, some of the colors change considerably while being fired, what goes into the kiln a deep red coming out a light pink, a dull brown becoming gold, etc. The best way of overcoming these difficulties is by beginning with painting sketches in monochrome, and thoroughly mastering the use of a single color before attempting to paint with several. Very beautiful sketches may be made in blue, shaded from light to dark; black and brown are good colors to use in this way, while pink and red are harder to manage and less satisfactory in results.

A very useful thing to remember, and one often lost sight of, is, that when painting on a white ground, dark colors show to the best advantage, and on a dark ground light colors show the best, bright colors show well almost anywhere.

There are a great number of colors prepared for porcelain painting, but some shades, a bright red, for example, it is impossible to obtain. These colors come prepared for use in small tubes, the same as oil colors, but they are used with the fat oil and spirits of turpentine. A pattern may be sketched on the china before commencing to paint, by putting on a thin coat of turpentine, and then sketching in the design with a hard lead pencil.

After the decoration is completed the pieces have still to submit to the ordeal of firing. They are arranged as compactly as possible in a square oven or kiln made of fire brick, and tightly sealed, and then brought to an intense heat, sufficient to melt the glaze and fuse the colors with it. If there is any gilding on the piece it comes from the kiln with a dead finish, and to give it a bright metallic lustre, it is polished with bloodstone burnishers. A very pretty effect is produced by burnishing only a part of the gilt, leaving the rest dull and lusterless.

There is a wide range of subjects especially suitable for china decoration, that arrange themselves naturally into several distinct classes. At present, flower painting is receiving by far the most attention, and it possesses this advantage, that a beginner can produce very creditable and pretty pieces, while the best artists can find no more pleasing subjects for their brush. Violets, poppies, daisies, morning-glories and buttercups are favorite flowers with amateurs; roses are very beautiful, but much more difficult to draw and paint well. Flowers are sometimes arranged in bouquets and garlands, or treated conventionally, but more frequently are painted in what is known as the "detached" or Sevres style, with sprays of flowers and grasses thrown carelessly over the article ornamented. Delicate ferns are very pretty treated in this way.

A way of arranging flowers, much in favor with German artists, is to group ferns, grasses and wild flowers around a vase naturally, as if they grew there.

Birds and butterflies form very good accessories to flower paintings, but they also make excellent decorations in themselves, and should receive more attention from artists than is given them.

Little has been done in this country as yet in the way of elaborate landscape and figure paintings on porcelain, although English and German amateurs have produced very creditable pieces of this sort. Landscapes would be especially pretty, and not very difficult, sketched in blue and *en camaien*, or shaded from light to dark, and would be an agreeable change from the monotony of flower painting.

The interest taken in china decorating all over the country has had one good effect—in raising the standard of public taste, so that, instead of the daubs on china that were thought pretty a few years ago, the people demand and appreciate the finest decorations of Sevres and Limoges, of Worcester and Dresden; and by comparing and studying these specimens of the best European work, the amateur decorator can judge of the relative positions of the different schools, and learn how to raise American porcelain painting to the high position which the art has reached in other countries.

DOWN THE VOLGA.

For some distance below Nijni the appearance of the Volga is extremely disappointing. Those who have read the praises bestowed upon it by Russian poets, and heard the encomiums passed upon its size, its swiftness, its beauty, by enthusiastic native residents in Moscow and St. Petersburg, are naturally somewhat galled at being forced to admit that, on a first acquaintance, the queen of Russian rivers looks exactly like an immense flat dish of cabbage soup, dappled with blots of grease a quarter of a mile long. Indeed, at this point the whole stream is so choked up with shoals, banks and jutting points, that the presence of a steamer in such a place recalls the Irishman's description of a country "where all *wate*-travelling is done by *land*." But an hour's steaming down the great river suffices to give it the character which it never afterward loses—that of a stream which has borrowed one bank from the Danube and another from the Rhine. To the right rise bold headlands, now towering in castellated terraces of sandstone, now cleft by wooded ravines, and anon melting into sunny slopes in which nestle the gilded cupolas of white-towered churches, and the rough hewed log huts of primitve little villages. To the left extends a wilderness of low, sandy reaches, crumbling banks crested with coarse spear grass, pathless morasses, betraying by their unwholesome green the abyss of oozy slime below—a boundless expanse of desolation, which, seen beneath the rolling clouds of the gloomy October sky, has a wild, lonely, dreary aspect absolutely appalling. The Volga steamers, though differing in size above and below the great southern bend of the river at Kazan, are all very much of one pattern. The quarter deck and wheel lie amidships, between the paddle boxes, and are reached with a step ladder from the main deck. The saloon cabin is placed forward, the third-class cabin aft; and berths are conspicuous by their absence, every one sleeping where he can on the cushioned benches of the general cabin. Strictly speaking, these boats can hardly be called luxurious, but their picturesqueness is undeniable. The Rhine boat down to Cologne at the close of the season, the "Messagerie's" steamer from Marseilles in the early summer, the Cunard packet with a full complement of passengers from New York, are better worth looking at than any museum; but the interior of a Volga steamer in October may safely bear comparison with all. At this late season, the hatches are always battened down fore and aft, giving to the whole panorama a kind of twilight dimness, amid which the strange figures of the motley crowd—flat-faced Tartars, sallow, beetle-browed Russians, aquiline Jews, gaunt, hatchet-faced Persians, stately Circassians, and tall, high-cheeked Americans—look stranger and less human than ever. After nightfall, the various groups on the third-class deck would make a study for a painter—knots of bearded faces, looking grim and brigand-like under the glare of the swinging lantern; sleeping peasants in sheepskin frocks, huddled up in dark corners like wild beasts; huge weather-stained boots protruding from the shadow of the boiler; stout, broad-faced women, distributing hunches of black bread to their round-eyed, expectant brood; and brown-cheeked men in high caps, a little apart from the throng, praying the same prayers on the strength of which their forefathers swept Russia with a whirlwind of destruction six hundred years ago.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Selections.

A person who has a grain of grace must die to know how rich he is.

Heaven is a day without a cloud to darken it, and without a night to end it.

In every company, remember you profess to be a member of Christ, a son of God, a temple of the Holy Ghost.

There is a beautiful precept which he who has received an injury, or who thinks that he has, would for his own sake do well to follow: "*Excuse half and forgive the rest.*"

There are moments when the two worlds, the earthly and the spiritually, sweep by near to each other, and when the earthly day and heavenly night touch each other in twilight.

To be in company with those we love, satisfies us; it does not signify whether we speak to them or not, whether we think on them or indifferent things; to be near them is all.

God's covenants and commands are so incontestably equitable in themselves, and so highly advantageous to us, that the more we think of them, and the more plainly and fully they are set before us, the more reason we shall see to comply with them.

Herod feared John, and did many things; but had he feared God, he would have labored to try to do everything; so with many of us. Lord, teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. —*Gurnall.*

Believers are in Christ for a covering of beauty, as in a fair, unsullied garment; for protection, as in a city of refuge; for nourishment, as in a "living Vine;" for guidance, sympathy, and impulse, as the members of the body are dependent on the head.—*J. Halley.*

Those who get through the world without enemies are commonly of three classes: the supple, the adroit, the phlegmatic. The leaden rule surmounts obstacles by yielding to them; the oiled wheel escapes friction; the cotton sack escapes damage by its impenetrable elasticity.—*Whately.*

As the stars, when they are going,
One by one, from out the sky;
And the dawn to daylight growing,
With its day-beams shooting high;
Are but heralds of the coming
Of the glorious King of Day:—
Such our life when in its gloaming,
If we work, and watch, and pray.

There is but one thing that can separate us from the love of God. Persecution, or nakedness, or peril, or sword, cannot—nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us. Sin is the separating cause. "Your iniquities," cries the indignant prophet Isaiah, "separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid His face from you that He will not hear."

Science and Art.

A LIGHT WITHOUT FIRE.—We are told that in Paris the watchmen in all magazines where inflammable or explosive materials are stored, use for purposes of illumination a light provided according to the following method:—Take an oblong vial of the cleanest glass, put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, upon which pour some olive oil heated to a boiling point, filling the vial about one-third full, and then close the vial with a tight cork. To use it, remove the cork, and allow the air to enter the vial, and then recork it. The whole empty space in the bottom will then become luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. As soon as the light grows weak, its power can be increased by opening the vial and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the vial between the hands to increase the fluidity of the oil. Thus prepared the vial may be used for six months.

WHEN THE EARTH WAS FROZEN UP.—At the end of that long course of geological ages, from the Archæan to the Tertiary which built up the solid portions of the earth in their present configuration, geologists now universally recognize in the evidence before them, the presence of a remarkable and stupendous period—a period so startling that it might justly be accepted with hesitation, were not the conception unavoidable before a series of facts as extraordinary as itself, and which, partaking of its astonishing character, are explained upon no simpler hypothesis. This era is known as the Glacial. It was an era which has left its traces in unmistakable monuments over the surface of either hemisphere, and written its history in no less explicit characters upon their rocks. It was an epoch of Arctic rigidity, when the temperature of the earth had become so lowered that the cold regions of either pole *alternately* were permitted to extend their previously contracted circles over the temperate latitudes, and to envelop with a universal and prodigious mantle of ice the lands which once, beneath milder suns, had been the home of an abundant and tropical vegetation. The skirts of that glacial sea which perennially spreads its icy and resplendent surface over polar lands had then by a favorable conjunction of solar and terrestial influences, been expanded so widely that to within the latitude of thirty-nine degrees north its frigid folds hid the surface of the earth, while below the equator a similar period seems to have left scarcely less visible traces amid the forests and pampas of South America. The evidence which has established the actual presence of these arctic conditions over a great portion of our earth is complete and irrefragable, and, aided by the contemporaneous study of Alpine glaciers and the Greenland icebergs, we can draw conclusions as to the nature and the succession of events which these conditions occasioned.—*Popular Science Monthly for January.*

ELECTRICITY AND CAPILLARY ATTRACTION.—When a glass plate is laid on the surface of quicksilver, a considerable force is required to separate them On the separation being made, if the substance be examined by the electroscope, the glass will be found to be electrified positively, the mercury negatively. Their attraction or adhesion is, therefore, a necessary electrical result. So intense is this electrical development, that if during the act of separation the mercury be in connection with a gold-leaf electroscope, the gold leaves are commonly torn asunder. In like manner, if some melted sulphur be poured into a conical glass and permitted to solidify, on making the separation the interior of the glass and the solid sulphur cone will be found to be in opposite electrical states. And the same occurs when surfaces of various kinds are parted from each other. There ought, therefore, to be adhesion. But if a glass plate be laid on a surface of water, there is no apparent development of electricity on separating them. And the reason is obvious, for the glass has brought away with it a layer of water, and there has been no true separation of the solid from the liquid, but only of water from water. The force of adhesion of the glass to the water has exceeded the cohesion of the water for itself. If a plate of polished zinc be laid on mercury there will, again, be no electrical development apparent on separating them. For, owing to the conductibility of the zinc, there is nothing to prevent the opposite electricities from uniting, and all electrical manifestations must cease. Whatever can disturb the electrical relations of a solid and a liquid will disturb their capillarity. On wetting the interior of a glass tube, so as to form a temporary tube of water, and placing some mercury in it, the mercury will be depressed below the hydrostatic level. But on connecting the mercury with the negative pole of a voltaic battery, and the water with the positive, the mercury at once rises, their mutual attraction being increased.—*Dr. J. W. Draper, in Harper's Magazine for January.*

Personal.

John G. Whittier is 70.

Miss Smith, a daughter of W. H. Smith, the first lord of the admiralty, has distinguished herself by passing the highest examination at the Oxford local examination for women.

The ex-Prince Imperial of France, in return for the congratulations presented to him by the Pope on August 15th, has sent his portrait, richly framed in diamonds, to Pius IX., with a letter expressing his great desire for the Pontiff's blessing.

Principal Shairp, of St. Andrew's, has been elected to the Oxford Professorship of Poetry without opposition, all the other competitors previously retiring. Mr. Shairp was a Baliol man, and to the general public he is chiefly known by his Studies in Philosophy and Poetry—especially the chapters on Wordsworth and Keble—and his Lectures on Culture and Religion.

It is a very remarkable fact that the two sons of the famous Circassian chief, Schamyl, are serving in different armies at war. The elder was sent to the Caucasus to incite an insurrection, and the younger is an officer in the Imperial Guard of Russia, and was sent into the same region to pacify the rebels, through the influence which his father's name gave him.

Books and Periodicals.

TALKS ABOUT INDIA: For Boys and Girls. By Rev. A. D. Rowe, M.S., Missionary to India, of the "Children's Missionary Society" of the Lutheran Church. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society, 42 North Ninth Street. 1878. Pp. 102.

This is really a good book. It will give children and even grown persons just such information as they want, and have the effect of stimulating them to a proper zeal for foreign missions. It will do good in the Sunday-schools of every denomination. The work is published in exquisite taste.

The Christmas (Jan.) number of WIDE AWAKE is larger than usual by sixteen pages. It opens with one of Mary A. Lathbury's exquisitely drawn frontispieces, illustrating Mrs. Clara Doty Bates' poem of "The Little Mother." Then, after the delicious Christmas poem by Mrs. L. C. Whiton, comes the "star" story of the number, a very long one too, it is, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, entitled, "The Little Savages of Beetle Rock." No. I. of "The Child Toilers of Boston Streets," by Emma E. Brown, treats of the little sellers of Christmas Greens. An especially Christmas-y paper is contributed by Mr. Lyman of the N. Y. *Tribune*, called "Christmas Roast Beef," being the story of a steer, with seven illustrations. The new serial, "True Blue," by Mrs. Lucia Chase Bell, opens with great brightness and freshness, while the other serial, "A General Misunderstanding," by Charles R. Talbot, is marked by still more decided vigor and originality—one may safely predict that Royal Lowrie is the "Coming Boy" in this year's juvenile literature.

There are several Christmas stories, "Christmas in a Cabin," by Sargent Flint, "Kitty's Christmas," by Charles E. Hurd of the *Boston Transcript*, "Christmas in an Insane Asylum," by Katherine Conger, with six pictures, and "Kitty's Happy Thought," by Ella Farman.

There are several pictorial humorous poems, "The Jolly Christmas of Sevens," illustrated by Hopkins, and a brace by the inimitable John Brownjohn, "King Marshmellow," with drawings by "Boz," and the First Misfortune of "Little Miss Muslin of Quintillion Square," illustrated by Hopkins. Margaret Eytinge tells, in large print, about "Plum Santa Claus," and Charles Stuart Pratt about "What Bob Saw at Gwampa's," where, as shown in six pictures, Bob peeps into some very odd mirrors.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 1750.—December 29, 1877. Contents: Books and Critics, *Fortnightly Review*; Doris Barugh, *Good Words*; Three Weeks with the Hop-Pickers, *Fraser's Magazine*; Erica, *Frau von Ingersleben*; Andersen's Friendships, *Temple Bar*; The Czar's Clemency; a Polish Priest's Story, *Cornhill Magazine*; Lawful English, *Examiner*; The Causes of the English Worship of Success, *Spectator*; *** Title and Index to Volume CXXXV. Poetry: A Picture; My Flower; Homeward; Indian Summer.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D.D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D., Rev. J. M. TITZEL, Rev. E. E. HIGBEE, D. D., } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see first page.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1878.

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

The closing of one year and the beginning of another is a point in time, which like a stream is flowing on to the ocean of eternity. God has placed a wondrous chronometer high up in the belfry of the spheres, giving not only the vicissitudes of the seasons, but marking the days and hours as they glide by and are swallowed up in the past. Men have computed by these signals since the first creation dawned, and learned lessons of their passing lives.

It is but natural that we should stop and think as each cycle of our days is completed. We meditate upon the past which cannot be recalled, and if we are true to ourselves we resolve upon amended lives. But more blind than the old King of Corinth must he be, who is not made conscious of his weakness at just such a moment. Standing on the plane of nature, we find a ruined order of things which has effected our very being; yea we find that the ruin of the outward world is due to the sin of man, which vitiated his whole heritage. And this evil state we can never transcend. We might as well try to stop the motion of the earth by pressing a tiny hand upon the mountain's side, or to overcome the law of our mortality by a mental resolution.

Happily for us, there is a new order of things—a new creation in Christ Jesus, commencing with the heralding of His first advent and sweeping through the brighter cycle of the Church's year. It records for us the coming of One, who is our Mighty Deliverer, and in Whom death is swallowed up in life. Resting in Him in faith, we need have no fears for the issue of our lives. The old pagans consulted their oracles; their astronomers watched the stars, and cast the horoscope, and there is a disposition on our part to peer into the future, but God in mercy keeps down the veil. We know not what trials may await us, but this we do know, that if we are His children all things will work together for our good.

THE POINT AT ISSUE.

A few weeks ago, we gave extracts from some of our Presbyterian contemporaries, protesting against the unauthorized proceedings of Mr. Moody in administering the sacraments at Northfield, Massachusetts, and other places. These protests have called out replies which only go to show, how timely and necessary the protests were. The *Christian Union*, noted for its intellectual subtlety and its amiable latitudinarianism in matters of religion, defends Mr. Moody, by sweeping away everything like a divine commission to do or to teach in the name of our Lord. It is well enough, according to the *Union*, as a matter of order, that the word should be preached and the sacraments dispensed by persons designated for the work, but these like the sexton are appointed by the people, and ministers perform their duties upon the same authority that a man dusts the pews. "Gladness and singleness of heart" are all the consecration the elements of the Lord's Supper need, and one person has as much right to administer them as another.

This makes the Church with its ministry a purely human institution. The whole heavenly side of the constitution of grace is virtually ignored. The apostolic commission is nothing, and the gifts, governments and administrations, of which St. Paul speaks in the epistle to the Ephesians, as a consequence of the Ascension of Christ, are figments. There was no provision for the perpetuity of the Church, and now at least there can be no such thing as an "ambassador for Christ" beseeching men in "Christ's stead," and as though *God* was beseeching by him. Men are *not* to so account of those set apart to the holy office, as ministers of God, and stewards of the mysteries of God. Their authority comes from the people, and that being the case, we should think that they ought, according to this logic, to say and do what the people command.

Any other thought of the ministry is "a blind reverence not unfrequently paid to an antiquated and useless fragment of a long abandoned system." Into all such sayings as we have quoted, there is injected the idea of grace, dropping from one man's finger upon another man's head, and every thing we read in the New Testament about the ministry, being thus disposed of, there is a cry for a scriptural proof, that a man may not take the honor of God's kingdom into His own hands. What Christ and His apostles have said and done must either be sneeringly construed into priestcraft, or not used at all. This the Union calls "Protestant doctrine," but it is a Protestantism, against which even Presbyterians feel bound at last to protest; for it virtually hands the word of God over to Rome, and we are glad on this account, that the true issue is thus raised. People in other churches are beginning to learn what is at stake, and that they cannot desist from contending for the truth, because their adversaries resort to the easy trick of throwing the charge of sacramentarianism upon them as so much bosh. That charge will no more answer than the cry of "Plymouthistic." We print the article which has called forth these remarks, in order that our readers may judge of it for themselves.

THAT APPEAL FOR MISSIONS.

We publish to-day the appeal recently sent to the consistories of our churches in the hope of be stirring them to an interest in the cause of missions. We are sorry that the paper did not reach us in time for insertion last week, but it is not too late to call especial attention to it now. It does not deserve the treatment which ordinary printed circulars often receive at the hands even of pastors.

The subject of missions should be near to the hearts of ministers and people, and there is no better way to stimulate this interest than by personal contributions. Even the little child will have a desire for the prosperity of any church work which it is aiding. For this reason congregations and Sunday-schools, that have taken particular missions under their care have always been most successful in raising funds. The object in view has not been "foreign" to them. They have been anxious to know all about its success, and have been ready to meet any want that might present itself.

We trust that our Church members will be awakened to a new zeal in this matter. There is no necessity for delay. The hardness of the times is no warrant for men to leave the cause of Christ to suffer to the last, or until they are able to give out of their abundance. That is to place the world before Christ, and it will not insure our earthly prosperity, much less our eternal happiness. And if we pursue such miserable policy, we must not be astonished if God should grind our golden images to powder, and make us sick as old Israel in drinking the water into which it is cast. The peace of our homes, the safety of our lives, and the true prosperity of the land depend upon the reign of Christ in the hearts of men, and if we have no higher consideration; —no constraining love of Christ to impel us to work, the hope of tranquility for ourselves and our children, should impel us to help in the establishment of the Church.

If there is any thing for which we have felt like blushing for the past few years, it is the little our Church is doing for missions. Almost every paper we have picked up, has told us of the good work other denominations are doing in this way, while we are lying by and waiting for good times, when we will be able to contribute without any self-denial. Other churches support missionaries in foreign fields. The Presbyterians are helping our Dutch brethren to support a school in Japan, in which the Heidelberg catechism is taught, and we have spent years in making "preparatory preparation," to do something in that direction. What is worse we have even allowed our home missionaries to suffer. At this hour, not only are there new territories opening up before us in the west and south, and vainly calling us to occupy them, but our obligations to men who have already been sent into the field have not been met. We know of missionaries who years ago, went forth upon faith in the Church and endured all the hardships of frontier life, and have never yet received the pay promised them. Time and again they have appealed in the midst of grievous necessities to the Board, only to be told that while their claims were just, there were no funds to meet them. New promises have been made more recently, only it would seem to go by default. This is not only a burning disgrace in the eyes of all good men, but an offence before God, for which He will not hold us guiltless. In the name of all that is holy, let us purge ourselves of this indifference, not simply to gratify the President or Superintendent of Missions, much less to patronize our heroic missionaries, as though they were subjects of charity, but for the sake of Him, who, though He was rich became poor that we through His poverty might be made rich.

CHRISTMAS.

Despite the stringency of the times, we have never known a Christmas at which there was a more universal joy. People have found out, that it is not the amount of money spent that measures the degree of happiness. There has been a general economy in buying presents, but they have been given with a glow of love, which lighted and warmed every thing like a ray from the Sun of Righteousness, whose rising the festival was intended to celebrate. Almost every person seemed to take a day's respite from [illegible] care, resolved to do something for the pleasure of others. The faces of those in busy preparation for days bore, showed that there was a sweetness even in the sacrifices made, and that is one of the elements which cannot well be spared from this particular season. It shows the spirit of Him, who for us men and our salvation, stooped to the manger.

One of the most touching sights we saw was a delicate-looking woman, clad in rusty but clean dress, bearing on her shoulder through the crowds of Eighth St., a Cristmas tree. We well knew that she must have a little one at home, for which she was planning a sweet surprise, and we have no doubt that when the tree was lighted, and the child gazed upon it, the poor mother had as much joy as was felt in any palace of the city. Indeed such cases, helped in large part to make up the universal Christmas joy. The rich may have some kind of brightness in their finely-furnished homes all the year round. But to some, the pleasure comes but once a year and all honor to the folks in the humbler walks of life, who ate less bread that their children might have a gladsome hour on the day that Christ was born. Only let them teach their darlings what His coming meant for them, and see that they sustain that relation to Him, without which all may end in a sad remembrance of a despised Saviour.

MR. COOK'S LECTURES.

For the condensed report of Rev. Jos. Cook's lecture on German Rationalism, given in this number, we are indebted to the *Presbyterian Journal*. The report gives Mr. Cook's thoughts, and general mode of treating his subject. To give his language in full would require more space than could be allowed for it in an ordinary newspaper.

Mr. Cook gave his third lecture on Thursday evening. His subject was Ultimate America, and while the discourse showed equal ability, it differed from previous ones, inasmuch as it was more or less prophetic and speculative. The lecturer is not sure that the Republic of the United States will be here a few centuries hence, but he is certain that the Continent will be, and the possibilities and advantages of the country, physically considered, make him think that America will be the theatre of the future developments of the race. He looks upon the "parlor"—by which he means the home; the "pulpit," by which he means all spoken addresses to the public; the "press," by which he means the dissemination of printed matter, and "true civil service reform in politics," as the powers that will mould the destiny of the continent. He speculated pretty freely upon what an alliance of English speaking people would do in the way of preventing wars, and promoting the comity of the nations of the world. In a bold but beautiful allegorical discussion of Ultimate America, Mr. Cook closed his lecture, by saying that while the equal diffusion of knowledge and division of property, together with greater conscientiousness, might be *efficient*, Christ alone was *sufficient* to cure the ills of the country.

THE LUTHERAN DIET.

The Free Diet of the Lutherans, which assembled in the city last week, was a pleasant and we hope a profitable meeting. It was simply a gathering of the members of a family in their own garden, to talk over their own affairs by the side of their own fountains, amidst the singing of their own birds. Dr. John G. Morris, "all things changing himself unchanged," presided and read an essay on "The Augsburg confession—the source of the Thirty-nine articles of the Church of England and incidentally of all other Protestant Confessions." The statements were supported in the main by quotations from English authors, such as Archbishop Lawrence. Dr. Krauth followed with a paper on "The Relation of the Lutheran Church to the denominations around us," in which the subject of inter-communion was re-discussed.

The third paper was by Dr. Brown, of Gettysburg Seminary, on "The four general bodies of the Lutheran Church; wherein they agree, and wherein they might harmoniously co-operate." Great stress was laid upon the word *might*, and all this was very pertinent. Rev. Dr. H. E. Jacobs, of Gettysburg, Pa., read an essay on "The History and Progress of the Lutheran Church in the United States." He began by sketching the four different bases of development of the Lutheran Church in this country. First, the Dutch in New Amsterdam; second, the Swedes on the Delaware; third, the Germans of the Eighteenth Century; fourth, the Germans and Scandinavians of the Nineteenth Century. That, we should think, is a foundation broad enough at least. Dr. Diller Luther treated of "The interests of the Lutheran Church in America as affected by the diversities of language," and Dr. Seiss followed with an essay on "The Misunderstandings and Misrepresentations of the Lutheran Church." Dr. F. W. Conrad took for his theme the "Characteristics of the Augsburg Confession," which he takes to be not only the leading symbol of his Church, but regarded as furnishing man with an infallible (?) rule of faith.

Rev. C. A. Stork, of Baltimore, read a brief paper, treating of the liturgical forms of worship in the Lutheran Church, and lamenting that the liturgies of that Church had changed so frequently, that none could be quoted as venerable. He argued that no mere associations without liturgical forms could ever be permanent. A natural craving for free prayer had done much to overcome liturgical rigidity, which had brought about the incessant changes referred to. This, considering the supposed stand-point of the Gettysburg school of Lutherans, was one of the most significant utterances made, and may well be laid to heart by Lutherans of the "American-branch," who have hounded on the dogs, at the liturgical movement in our Church. Prof. W. J. Mann gave rather a philosophical treatise, entitled "The Lutheranism of the fathers of our Church in this country," and Dr. Wedekind read a paper on the "Educational and Sacramental Ideas of the Lutheran Church in Relation to Practical Piety." An essay sent by Dr. Diehl, of Frederick, Md., on "The Divine and Human Factors in the call to the Ministry as viewed by Lutheran Theologians," was read, as also was one from Dr. Greenawald, of Lancaster on "False and True Spiritualism."

These various subjects were discussed in good earnest spirit. The discourses will be printed, and we may have occasion to remark upon some of them hereafter. The little we were able to see of the Diet impressed us favorably. The self-glorification indulged in some cases was natural, and perhaps excusable on such occasions. Certainly, while many of the ablest ministers of the Lutheran Church will not go as far as Dr. Krauth on some points, they are coming to a better sense of sound Protestant Churchliness than they ever had before. "Newmeasurism" is doomed among them. We wish our Church could have at least a colloquy, on subjects of general interest. Earnest discussions even, where nothing is immediately determined or decided upon by vote, do great good. Indeed, it is well enough to leave some things to the future.

Notes and Quotes.

The winter term of Franklin and Marshall College will begin on Thursday, 3d inst. Prof. J. H. Dubbs, will deliver the opening address. His subject, we learn from the Lancaster papers, will have reference to the German literature of our colonial era.

Bishop Cheney states in a Chicago journal, that, on the letter files of the bishops of the Reformed Episcopal Church, there are more than five hundred applications for admission to the ministry of that communion from clergymen of almost every denomination. In four years nearly one hundred self-sustaining parishes have been established.

The anniversary celebration of the Marshall Literary Society, of Mercersburg College lately held, is said to have reflected great credit upon the students who were chosen to participate in it. H. H. Sangaree, of Everett, Pa., W. W. Seibert, of Clearspring, Md., D. N. Harnesh, of Water Street, Pa., E. Mackey, of Butler, Pa., A. S. Reynolds, of Shepherdstown, W. Va., A. A. Black, of Huntingdon, Pa., and J. T. White, of Middletown, Md., were the speakers.

Among the Exchanges.

The following article from the *Christian Union* headed "*A not Sacred Relic,*" is the one to which we have referred on our editorial page. It is such a good specimen of the logic now used by those who try to throw reproach upon the divine authority of the Christian ministry, that we may as well give it entire. Some of its statements are so directly in conflict with passages of scripture which every Sunday-school scholar will remember, that they will be likely to prove their own antidote:

Some of our Protestant ecclesiastical contemporaries are in a great state of mind because Mr. Moody is reported to have administered the communion the other day at Northfield, Mass. One correspondent discovers the awful fact that it was not a first offense; he did the same thing some years ago at Chicago; and he suggests the frightful suspicion that this unordained evangelist may yet baptize some one. Possibly this correspondent may not be any more accurate in his report of the facts than he is in the statement that Mr. Moody is a Methodist; but his alarm is equally great whether it is a ghost or a giant that scares him.

This is a curious illustration of the blind reverence not infrequently paid to an antiquated and useless fragment of a long-abandoned system. The Sacramentarian theory of church organization is as simple and consistent as it is palpably un-Scriptural. This is that Christ organized a church, that He endowed it with a permanent supply of supernatural power, that this power is bestowed on others through the priestly administration of the sacraments, that they are efficacious as the touch of Christ on the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf was efficacious, and that no one has the hand of Christ or can reach it forth in baptism or mass, except the duly appointed priest, successor of the apostles; for any one else to administer the sacrament is to repeat the experiment of the Sons of Sceva at Ephesus.

Now the one weak point in this system is that there is not a line nor a letter in the New Testament to support it. There is no evidence that Christ ever organized any church; or conferred any peculiar powers on any order in the church; or authorized the apostles to appoint successors; none that they ever did appoint successors; or that either He or they ever regarded either baptism or the Lord's

Supper as means of grace, except as solemn symbolical expressions of Christian repentance and faith. Sacramentarianism is a system of assumptions. It has accordingly been abandoned by the Protestant Church, root and branch. No! not exactly. The tree has been cut down at the root. But there is left a little twig in the shape of the doctrine that only an ordained minister can pronounce a benediction, and a dead branch in the shape of the doctrine that only an ordained minister can baptize and administer the communion. And men that glory in the cutting down of the tree treasure up the twig and the branch with a curiously illogical reverence. Burn up the tree certainly; but to burn the twig would be sacrilege.

If the minister is a priest, vested with divine authority to pronounce absolution, standing in lieu of God and speaking for Him, then it is sacrilege for a layman to pronounce the benediction. If he is not, then the benediction is but a prayer which any pious soul may breathe forth upon any other. If the minister is a priest, vested with peculiar supernatural authority flowing down to him in the laying on of hands, through an ecclesiastical aqueduct from the apostolic age, then none but he can baptize and administer the Lord's Supper; in a layman's hands baptism is but a bath, and the Lord's table but an ordinary supper. But if the minister is no priest, but an officer of the church, appointed by it to his office, then, as in the apostolic age, the lay deacon may baptize the convert in the nearest pool of water by the roadside, and any company of Christ's disciples may "break bread" from house to house without waiting for a priest to consecrate the elements. "Gladness and singleness of heart" are all the consecration they need.

It is well, as matter of church order, that, in general, baptism and the Lord's Supper should be administered in the church and by ministers appointed by the church for that purpose, just as it is well that the bread and wine should be passed by deacons or elders, that the Sunday-school should be presided over by a superintendent, that the choir should be directed by a leader, and that the house should be swept and dusted by a sexton. It is even very well, as matter of church etiquette, to leave the benediction to ordained ministers, because it is never worth while to break over the conventional rules of society without good cause. But if any of our Protestant contemporaries or readers can point us to any passage of the New Testament which directly or impliedly forbids any Christian from consecrating a new convert by the rite of baptism, or any body of Christian disciples from celebrating the Lord's Supper in memorial of Him, without a priest, Papal or Protestant, we shall be glad to publish to our readers his discovery.

And calling the Protestant doctrine on this subject "Plymouthistic" will not answer in lieu of the "law and the testimony."

To some of our subscribers this number may come too late for this article from the Philadelphia *Times*, to utter its warning on New Year's day, but it contains a truth which should always be remembered, and we therefore give place to it:

"It is scarcely unfair to assume that in most of the houses opened for New Year's receptions, wine, egg-nog, punch or stronger *intoxicating liquors will* be furnished for the refreshment of the guests. This not only in homes where tyrannical politicians, as husbands and fathers, hold sway, and sternly utter the fiat—no wine, no reception, but where women alone have dominion, or where they may at least be supposed to have a voice in the arrangements of the day. The wine bill will add at least to half the cost of the entertainment; therefore, it is *mean* not to incur it; beside, horror of horrors, to those in the least dubious of their own social standing, it is unfashionable *not* to have wine. So white hands will hold out the wine cup, and sweet smiles will lure young men—perhaps to their ruin. It must be a weak head that cannot stand a few glasses of wine on New Year's day, and if they *do* get drunk what harm? Society will condone the offence. And sip after sip is taken until after the last fashionable call the callers go reeling to darker orgies in haunts which Fashion does not know, and thence still later to homes which are ashamed of them, to mothers and wives, who, though wrung by heartache, forget that they have themselves contributed to make some one else's sons and husbands even such as they blush for. It is on woman that the heaviest curse of intemperance falls. Even now there are women in this city with shoulders bruised and sore by blows from arms nerved with drink; children hungry and naked because the money which should have bought them food and clothing has gone for drink; while in wealthier homes women who know not hunger or cold, dread the sound of the latch-key in the door, and children shrink apprehensively from the home coming footsteps of their father. Yet, as we once heard an Irish woman say, whose arms were bared to the washtub, exposing bruises left by the blows of a drunken husband, "he is a good mon when the drink is not in him." No legislation will ever overrule drunkenness. Be it original sin or what not, prohibition with the average man is of itself sufficient to incite desire. But when drinking becomes unfashionable, when it is as disreputable to become tipsy with champagne as with potheen, then we shall witness a reform. Once a year woman holds the power in her own hands; once a year she can, if she pleases, make wine unfashionable. And trust us, comparatively few of the callers will complain. A cup of good coffee or delicious chocolate, or a glass of lemonade, will readily be accepted instead, and no man will the less honor a woman because she raises her voice against what has always been the foe of her race. The first lady of the republic has, at all events, done her part, and we know that on the first of January, 1878, there will be no wine in the White House. So there is not wanting a fugelman for the new band. You know in your own hearts that no man who drinks is fit to be trusted with the happiness of a woman; know perhaps, some of you also, how much any man drinks makes his women suffer; how wife and children, honor and truth all go down before the thirst of strong drink. You have no call to lead a crusade, to head a temperance movement: your work is solely within your own gates, and you can do or leave it as you choose.

Grace Webster Hinsdale writes to the *Sunday School Times:* "The home is the child's first school, and the parents are its first teachers. They cannot help being so, for this is God's plan. Describe faithfully a man's early environment, and we can reckon pretty fairly the result of his condition and training. Fathers and mothers who are living without the recognition of God in the world, are rearing godless children. They know nothing of God as a being to worship and love; their interests and affections are all degraded, because a child learns to enjoy and love the things it has been led to think about. Its tastes are set and cultivated in its first surroundings and by its earliest friends. We often see irreligious parents taking pains to put their children under religious influences. I know parents in a country village, who sent their boys and girls to church and to two Sabbath-schools, but they do not go themselves. The child knows very well that the parents have no interest in these blessed privileges, and he does not count them of any value, except for the amusement and change they afford him. It seems as if the girls regarded the Sabbath as a day for the exhibition of hats and ribbons. The father willingly spends his earnings that his children may step down from the piazza, where he sits reading his newspaper, as well dressed as their little neighbors. The bell is ringing, but there is no response in his heart, and he lets his little ones go alone to the house of God. How hard it is under such home influence for the pastor or teacher to gain any real attention!"

For The Messenger.

MISSIONARY CIRCULAR.

To the Pastors and Consistories of the Reformed Churches:

BRETHREN:—Four years have passed away since the three Eastern Synods of the Reformed Church united in carrying forward the work of domestic missions according to a definite plan. This arrangement, with some drawbacks, has on the whole been successful, and good fruits have been the result. A strict economy has been exercised, and the appropriations to missionary churches diminished as rapidly as their true interests would permit, so that other needy congregations might be helped. A number of old missions have become self-supporting, which are thriving, and now in turn are giving instead of receiving assistance. The main difficulty, which the missionary cause has had to contend with among us, is the want of concert of action. Whilst many of our congregations have been regular and punctual in forwarding their contributions, others have been remiss and done little or nothing for the spread of the Gospel beyond their own immediate bounds. As a consequence there has been annually a deficit in our treasury; and this has been increasing, until at the meetings of the Synods in October last, the treasurer was in arrears to the missionaries for salary for six or more months. This has become a serious matter, and the families of the missionaries are suffering. Their salaries are small at best, and they need every penny of their income. It ought to be paid promptly. The whole amount due some thirty of these self-denying men, was near six thousand dollars.

The immediate wants of the missionaries now in the field necessarily engaged the attention of the Board at its late meeting in Lancaster. The times are hard, as we all know, and winter is at the door. Something had to be done, and that without delay. The missionaries cannot live on their credit, which has already suffered by our delay. They need the necessaries of life, and their families must be clothed. What was to be done? There was no other alternative left but to make an appeal to the churches who had committed this work into the hands of the Board, for *immediate relief*. Accordingly, it was resolved, that such an appeal should be sent out to all our pastors and consistories, requesting them to take up special collections in their churches during the month of January, for the relief of missionaries to whom salary has been due for a long time and unpaid. It is a matter of regret that such a measure must be resorted to at the present time. The regular channels of benevolence in our churches ought to suffice; but, as facts go to show, this has not been the case. Necessity is upon us, and there seems to be no other avenue left through which a most solemn duty to faithful men in the vineyard of the Lord can be discharged.

As the necessities of the Board are urgent and pressing, the month of January has been selected as the time for the collections. There should be as little delay as possible. The cry of want ought to be answered at once. Besides, the period of the Epiphany, or the manifestation of God in the flesh to the world at large, occurs in that month. It is eminently the month of missions; and it is therefore a most appropriate time for presenting the cause of the evangelization of the world to the attention of all true Christians.

Let all our members, then, old and young, be encouraged to come forward and lay their gifts upon the altar of the Lord. As they come to adore the mystery of the great God manifest in human flesh, let them be asked to come as the wise men of the East in their pilgrimage to Bethlehem, to bring with them their gold, frankincense and myrrh, and lay them at the feet of Him, who once for our redemption became an infant lying in the manger among the beasts of the stall.

Brethren, we hope that the way may be open for an earnest effort in your congregations to secure the much-needed relief. Let it, however, not be of a spasmodic character. Let it rather be the beginning of still better things in the future.

THEODORE APPEL,
Superintendent. J. O. MILLER,
President of the Board.

LANCASTER, Dec. 19th, 1877.

For The Messenger.

CHRISTMAS AT YORK.

Trinity church, at York, of which Dr. Miller is pastor, has become distinguished among the churches for the whole-souledness, with which it is accustomed to celebrate the Christmas festival, and this year formed no exception to the rule. It went rather beyond what were regarded as successful efforts during previous years, showing that it is not a mere sentiment, but that it is the fruit of a living process at work in the community of the congregation. The festival was introduced by sweet strains which pealed forth from the chimes of the church on the quiet morning air at the early hour of four o'clock. It was music in the stilly night, which we heard as we threw aside the chains in which slumber had bound us. It sounded to us like the voice of angels at that early hour, announcing the "glad tidings of great joy."

The decorations in the church this year were quite elaborate, differing from those of previous years, which cannot here be described in detail. There were twenty-four [illegible]ndred feet of evergreens exhibited on the w[illegible] and ceiling. The pulpit recess was also neat[illegible] rimmed with green wreaths, amidst which [illegible]re exhibited appropriate inscriptions of [illegible]mblematical representations. In the centre [illegible]e star of the East had its place, which in t[illegible] evening sent forth symbolic rays and was [illegible] cynosure of all eyes. Everything was be[illegible]ming, neatly arranged, and evinced good judgment and taste.

The house of God, thus arrayed in festal robes, was an inviting place and a large congregation assembled for worship in the fore noon. The Christmas sermon was preached by Dr. Theodore Appel, who was present by invitation. In the afternoon, the Infant School assembled in its room to receive gifts and to view Bethlehem and its environs, a mimic view of its green hills and valleys. The grotto back of the town, in which Justin Martyr said that Christ was born, and where St. Jerome lived and studied the Bible, was lighted up, and proved quite as interesting to older people as it did to the little children.

The usual Christmas evening services, in which the Sunday-schools engaged, were, however, the crowning event of the day. These consisted of prayers, singing of hymns and anthems, scriptural lessons, antiphonal reading and speaking, so diversified as to keep up attention to the close. Short addresses, at intervals, were delivered by Dr. Gotwalt, Dr. Appel and Dr. Miller. The audience was immense, the church being crowded to its full capacity. Many had to stand in the vestibule for want of room, and many stayed away who would like to have come, if they had been sure of a seat.

As is sometimes the case so on this occasion, the regular order of exercises was interrupted by an addition to the programme. In the afternoon, the infant school surprised their pastor with a gift; and in the evening, the representatives of eight classes passed up to the altar railing and through Dr. Appel presented him with their gifts, to show that they duly appreciated his zeal and activity in getting up such interesting and profitable celebrations. Surprised, the good doctor made a feeling response. The great throng slowly and reverently dispersed, all apparently being apprehended by the spirit of the occasion. We lingered behind and left the church reluctantly. It was a Christmas well spent. If any person desires, we may add, to know how to celebrate Christmas as it ought to be, we say, go to Trinity church, at York, next year.

Collections were lifted for our hard working missionaries both in the forenoon and evening. This was in response to the appeal lately sent out to take up collections in the month of January. It was in advance, the first-fruits of what we may hope will be a general movement in our churches to come to the relief of the Board. We did not learn the amount realized, but will no doubt hear before long. The usual Christmas gifts are proper in their place; but with these offerings made in addition for the spread of the gospel, we know God is well pleased.

SUPERINTENDENT.

For the Messenger.

CHURCH DEDICATION IN IOWA.

Having received a very pressing invitation to take part in the dedication of a Reformed church in Louisa county, Iowa, we took the cars via Davenport, Wilton, Muscatine, &c., to Columbus Junction, Dec. 3, 1877. At Milton we stopped over several hours and called on a few of the faithful members of our Zion residing there. At Muscatine we also spent several hours very pleasantly with our friend Prof. G. M. Abbot and family, formerly of Vinton. Pastor F. M. Albright met us at the Columbus Junction depot late on Friday night, and soon we were in the midst of his large and pleasant family residing in their large new house on the hill.

Early next morning Elder Jonas Diehl drove us seven miles northwest to the new St. Paul's Reformed church. By desperate tugging his team got us over the muddy road in time to preach at 11 A. M. We preached again the same evening, and were joined in the services by the former and first pastor of the charge, Rev. John H. Buser.

Despite the muddy roads and lowering clouds, the church was crowded at an early hour on Sunday morning. The writer of this notice preached the dedicatory sermon, which was listened to with devout attention by the large audience. Then began the work of wiping out the remaining indebtedness still standing against the building. The material of the old church at Clifton a few miles distant, had been used in the construction of the new and better sanctuary, which is now located more centrally. The town of Clifton itself has been swallowed up by the larger and more prosperous town which has, during the past few years, sprung up at the junction of the Southwestern Branch of the Rock Island and Pacific Railroad with the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern Railroad. Notwithstanding the care and economical management of the building committee (Ravinault, Diehl, Jr., and Wehr,) a debt of $430 remained to be provided for before the church could properly be dedicated to the service and worship of God. In good times that sum would have been regarded as a very small matter by the well-to-do farmers belonging to the congregation. But with this terrible financial pressure resting upon the country and the community, it was felt to be a very serious matter indeed, to raise that amount of money or its full equivalent. Many were the misgivings and great was the anxiety on this point. But after a statement from Pastor Albright and a few remarks by Rev. Buser and the writer, the members of the congregation, both men and women, with the aid of a few generous friends outside, wiped out the debt and even raised some twenty or thirty dollars more than the amount required. Then, like in the days of the building of the first temple at Jerusalem, they were glad because that they offered willingly unto the Lord more than what was deemed necessary to erect His sanctuary.

With grateful hearts the pastors and people then set apart St. Paul's Reformed Church of Louisa county, Iowa, to the service of Almighty God by the usual dedicatory solemnities. The new sanctuary is much superior to the old, out of which it was in part constructed. It presents a handsome appearance externally, and is commodious and comfortable in its interior appointments. It stands out on the fertile and undulating prairie as a beautiful and prominent landmark visible for miles from every side. Pastor Albright and his good people deserve credit for bringing this worthy and important enterprise to a successful conclusion. Brother Buser preached in the church on Sunday evening, and many of the members were rejoiced to be able to see and hear their old pastor again. The writer, under escort of Elder Diehl and Pastor Albright, with their good wives, returned to Columbus Junction to preach also Sunday evening. The weather was in a melting mood, and the roads were getting deeper all the time. We felt that it would be wrong to try to push through with a single team in time for evening services. After a short parley, it was resolved to double-team it or, in other words, to add a pair of mules to the propelling force of our Iowa carriage. Elder Diehl was equal to the emergency. With four-in-hand he dashed through the mud in gallant style. Several times there seemed danger of losing our extra team, but in no case was the mud so deep but what we could still see the tops of their ears in their efforts to remove a couple newly-erected post and rail fences, and it was remarked that in all probability the fence owners would be apt to break one of the commandments the next day when they saw what had been done toward removing the new landmarks. But necessity knows no law, and our consciences did not condemn us for taking a shorter and better route at such a time. The King's business requires haste. A good audience favored us with their attention at Columbus Junction which we reached in good time for evening services. Our young and prosperous congregation here worship in the Presbyterian church, and have considerable pecuniary interest in the same. Dr. Brown and his amiable wife took us to their hospitable home after services, and next morning gave us a good breakfast and an early send-off. The same evening we were home again at Maquoketa.

C. CORT.

CHRISTMAS REJOICINGS.

The Christmas season, which has just closed, has been observed with more than usual interest. All our churches in the city had special services in connection with their Sunday-schools. We participated in those held by St. John's Church of West Philadelphia, of which the Rev. S. J. Vandersloot is pastor. They were largely attended, so much so that quite a number of persons, who came a little late, were obliged to retire for want of room. The church was appropriately decorated. Several short addresses were delivered, in which some of the scholars participated. A number of hymns and anthems selected from the "Companion of Praise," were sung and produced a happy impression. Presents were also made to the pastor, Assistant Superintendent of the school, organist, scholars and others. The usual distribution of sweetmeats was also not wanting. The best of order was preserved throughout. It was to us a very pleasant and profitable occasion.

Notwithstanding very unpropitious weather, writes the pastor of the Church at Martinsburg, W. Va., the usually large attendance was present at the 6 o'clock, A. M., service, and also at the children's service in the evening. Both services were entered into with spirit and were of a character to edify and give expression to a true, joyous Christian feeling, such as the great world-fact commemorated tends to inspire in the truly believing heart. The alms were not forgotten, and the gifts were many. Some rich and choice, in which the pastor was most kindly remembered, both by the congregation and by individuals. And how admired the Lord's House in which we worshiped. May the perfecting of thy beauty ever appear within thy walls, and the joy and good inspired ever increase, until we come to the complete redemption, to the glory of the Church triumphant!

The Sunday-school and congregation of St. John's Church, Wyoming, Delaware, writes the pastor, spent a very joyful Christmas. The services were held in the evening. The attendance was good, in which the outside community, as well as the membership of the church, was well represented. The church was neatly and appropriately decorated. The usual Christmas tree, with its wonted adornments were present, and an object of considerable interest. The whole occasion passed off well and left a good impression.

The Christmas festival at Hummelstown, Pa., writes the pastor, was one of unusual interest. The church was handsomely decorated. The children acquitted themselves creditably in their recitations. The Sunday-school donated $10 to the Orphans' Home. The pastor was remembered, not with congratulations and well wishes merely, but also with a handsome gift, aggregating $40. A very handsome Bible was presented to the congregation by Capt. C. A. Nissley. The congregation and Sunday-school are both prospering.

The Christmas service at Frostburg, Md., as we learn from the pastor, Rev. John Ruhl, partook of a novel, but most certainly, appropriate character. At 5 o'clock in the morning, the people were summoned to the church, by the ringing of the bell, of which due notice had previously been given, and the whole congregation presented itself, and took an active part in the responsive service of the occasion. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper, at this early hour, was administered to the congregation present, and the elements were also borne by the pastor and consistory to such members as were absent on account of sickness. It was truly a solemn and interesting service. A collection was taken up for the benefit of the Orphans' Home. In the evening, the Sunday school held its festive service, and it was a happy and joyous occasion.

The Sunday-school at Boonsboro, Md., we learn from the "Odd Fellow" published at that place, held its Christmas festival in the evening of that day. The church was handsomely decorated for the occasion. Various hymns and anthems were sung, and an address was delivered by the pastor, the Rev. S. S. Miller. Other services were participated in by the School, and the usual gifts were not wanting. A large audience was present and the deepest interest manifested

The columns of the "Lebanon Daily News" for the 26th of December, are well filled with graphic accounts of the observances of Christmas by the churches of the place and vicinity. The several Reformed churches, occupying their usual conspicuous place. In both churches in the town services were held in the morning, which were largely attended and full of interest. In connection with them both, collections were taken up for the benefit of the Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf. The close of the services in the First church, was marked by the presentation of a gold-mounted black ebony cane to the Superintendent of the Sunday-school, from the teachers and scholars. The school itself was also the recipient of a number of beautiful and appropriate mottoes and two vases presented by the Bible Class, taught by Dr. E. P. Kremer. The Sunday-school of the congregation recently organized at Bismark, held its first Christmas service in the afternoon, which proved an occasion of special interest to the large number of persons present.

The congregation and Sunday-school at Middletown, Md., enjoyed a pleasant Christmas. A congregational service was held in the morning at which Rev. H. W. Hoffmeier preached. In the evening the Sunday-school held its festival. The church was beautifully decorated, and on each side of the pulpit was placed a Christmas tree heavily laden with good things for the scholars and teachers. The house was crowded. The services were such as are customary at Christmas festivals. The address was very short. In the distribution of gifts, the pastor and family were by no means forgotten. The offering for Orphans' Homes amounted to $32.

Christmas festivals were held by the Keedysville, Mt. Moriah and Sharpsburg Sunday-schools of the Mt. Moriah, Md., charge, of which Rev. A. C. Geary is pastor. Christmas trees and church decorations were prominent features at each place. Addresses were made by the pastors, superintendents and others, and collections were taken up in behalf of the Orphans. The pastor and his family were kindly remembered in the distribution of gifts. The attendance was large, and a deep interest was manifested throughout all the services.

The Christmas festivities of the Sunday-school at Kittanning, Pa., which were observed on Christmas evening, partook of more than usual interest. The indispensable Christmas tree, with its wonted appendages, was on hand. Addresses were delivered, and a large number of gifts distributed. The pastor, the Rev. D. S. Dieffenbacher and his wife, were liberally remembered, the former receiving a fine dress suit and overcoat. Their gifts exceeded one hundred dollars in value. The lady organist also, was not forgotten, being presented with a beautiful papier mache writing desk. A contribution of $27 was likewise given to the orphans.

At Turbutville, Pa., the Christmas services began at 6 o'clock in the morning, some of the audience having come four and five miles. Appropriate services were held, in which the pastor, the Rev. Z. A. Yearick, was assisted by two ministers of the Lutheran Church. The Sunday-school festival was held in the evening. The church was not large enough to accommodate all who desired to attend. The pulpit and altar were appropriately decorated, and as much interest as possible was thrown into the services. The offerings from the school and the proceeds of the collection netted $10.15 for the orphans.

The several congregations connected with the Paradise charge, of which the Rev. J. K. Millet is pastor, observed the Christmas season in an appropriate manner. The Sunday-school at Paradise church, over which the venerable Elder David Eschbach has successfully presided for many years, held its festive services in the evening, which were largely attended, and proved highly interesting. At McEwensville, the festivities of the Sunday-school, which were also held in the evening, were peculiarly interesting and attractive. They partook of the character of a sacred concert, adapted to the occasion, over which the pastor presided. The impression made was so favorable, that a request has been made for a repetition of this service of song. A small admission fee was charged, and the occasion thus made to net $25, for the use of the Sunday-school.

The decorations at Christ's Reformed Church, Green St., Phila., this year are marked by good taste. At the service on Christmas morning, the pastor Rev. G. H. Johnson, preached an appropriate discourse, and on Wednesday evening there was a special service for the children, at which gifts were distributed, and two short addresses delivered. The children of this congregation showed by their prompt answers, a proper knowledge in regard to the festival they were permitted to celebrate. F.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

At a recent meeting of the Philadelphi Classis, a call from Trinity Reformed Church, at Norristown, Pa., to Licentiate Abraham S. Stoner, was confirmed, and a committee appointed to ordain and install him over the congregation as pastor. This committee attended to its duty on Sunday the 23d of December. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger, who presided on the occasion. He was assisted in the service by the Rev. D. Feete and J. H. Sechler, the former delivering the charge to the pastor, and the latter the charge to the people.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

In connection with recent communion season in the Conowago charge, Adams County, Pa., of which the Rev. A. J. Heller is pastor, nine persons were admitted to full communion with the Church by confirmation. Two were also received by certificate from the Lutheran Church. The new church erected at Cashtown is to be dedicated to the service of God, on the 13th of January. The Rev. T F. Hoffmeier, of Middletown, Md., is expected to preach the sermon on the occasion.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURGH.

At a communion season held on the 23d of December, in St. Mark's congregation, of Zion's charge, Crawford county, Pa., of which the Rev. J. W. Pontious is pastor, seven persons were added to the Church, six by confirmation and one by certificate. The services were brought to a close on Christmas evening. In connection with this occasion, the ladies of the congregation gave expression to their appreciation of their pastor's services, by presenting him with a very handsome sleigh. The Christmas services, as well as those connected with the communion, were of more than ordinary interest to both pastor and people.

WESTERN CHURCH.

In connection with a late communion held in the Church at Foreston, Ill., Rev. Daniel Lantz pastor, ten persons were added to the Church by confirmation.

Rev. G. W. Massalsky, of the German Classis, of Western Pennsylvania, has accepted a call from St. Jacob's Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in Apple Creek Church, Ohio, of which the Rev. Edmund Erb is pastor, on the Sunday before Christmas. The pastor was assisted in the services by the Rev. Dr. David Kemmerer, of Wooster, Ohio. The number of communicants was unusually large, and a deep, solemn interest prevailed. Eight persons were added to the Church, seven by confirmation, and one by renewal of profession. One of the former is the head of a family. Union services were held on Christmas, in which the pastor was joined by the pastors of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches. The several services were full of interest and largely attended. F.

Youth's Department.

A HYMN OF YOUTH.

Ye young, whose hearts are beating
With hope and gladness high!
Remember time is fleeting
Remember ye must die!
Daily the stream runs faster
On to the Eternal Sea;
Soon must we meet our Master,
His throne of judgment see.

And ere to life's December
With failing steps ye come,
Your Maker, God, remember,
And He shall guide you home;
Before the senses weaken,
Before the sight grows dim,
And ye are sorrow-stricken,
Oh, come and worship Him!

Shall weariness and weakness
Alone to Him be given.
Who trod the earth in meekness,
For us forsaking Heaven?
Shall only lips that falter,
And hearts with age grown cold,
Be offered on the altar
Which Jesus raised of old?

From Zion runs the river
Of Christ's abounding love;
Who drinks shall live for ever
In those blest realms above!
Come, while your hearts are singing
Beneath a cloudless sky,
To where that fount is springing,
And drink and never die!

WHAT TROT DIDN'T GET.

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

The car was full of passengers when Trot and her mother got in, every one of whom stopped reading or talking and gazed at the small midget with surprise and disapprobation. Both were quite thrown away upon her, however; for her eyes were shut as tightly as possible, while her mouth was wide open, ditto; and from between her rosy lips, from somewhere behind two rows of pearly teeth, issued a series of determined yells, ear-splitting yells, which did credit to Trot's lungs.

People whispered, "Did you ever?" and "No, I never!" to one another, varied by other remarks relating to Trot, all of them uttered in tones sufficiently loud for the midget's mother to hear, as she stood in the centre of the car, swaying to and fro, clinging to a strap with one hand while with the other she steadied the yeller, who was devoted to her occupation so entirely that she might have pitched headforemost into the stomach of the fat old lady who sat opposite had she not had somebody to care for her.

The wicked man who was the cause of all this trouble walked slowly up the hill, keeping pace with the car, and crying, "Balloons! Balloons!" in a melancholy tone, as if he commiserated the hapless Trot in having such a hard-hearted mamma.

For the midget wanted a balloon. She was a pretty good midget, and might not have asked for one had not the man, having a keen eye for business, thrust the whole bunch of rosy beauties into her face, saying, "Buy a balloon, missy? Oh, so pretty!"

Her mother pulled her along and distracted her attention with something else; but the man had seen the wish in "missy's" eye, and kept up with them. Business was slack, and he felt that no chance was to be lost. It had not escaped his sharp eye that Miss Trot was a spoiled child and generally had what she wanted by making a fuss about it.

According to his expectations, she teased a few times and then began to scream.

"Hush this moment!" said her mother, severely. Trot screamed louder than ever.

"I shall take you right home, if you do not stop," said her mother, who had been recently reading an article on indulgence of children, and resolved to reform.

Trot did not believe it, and, besides, she was *determined* to have her own way now.

"Trot, stop screaming!"

"Will you buy me a balloon?"

"No, I will not!"

"Will you give me one?"—to the man.

"Oh, Missy! I'm a *poor* man!" he said, with a dreadful whine.

She opened her mouth and began again with fresh zeal; her mother looked determined but distressed, hailed a street-car and got in, where she felt less determined and more distressed by the remarks which the midget's behaviour caused.

"Trot, *are* you going to stop screaming?" she said, at length.

Trot opened one eye, looked straight at her mother, and said, viciously,

"No, I *ain't!*" Proving her sincerity by the vigor of the opening numbers of the new series.

Just at this point a tall woman who had been eyeing Trot with great disfavor left the car, making a vacant seat next to the fat old lady; Mrs. Yale took it with a sigh, and lifted her naughty girl into her lap.

The old lady, who had an eye like a diamond, looked with great interest on her new neighbor. Trot was getting tired, but was determined to gain her point if she had to scream until midnight. After awhile the old lady said, in a soft, sweet, grandmotherly voice, "What's the trouble, my dear?"

Trot had been trained to politeness, so she opened one eye, and gasped, between two yells, "I want a balloon!"

"Oh," said the old lady, "and you mean to scream until you get one!"

The midget did not exactly approve of this way of putting it, but, after a moment's pause, she nodded assent, and then opening her mouth to its widest extent she prepared to go on with her concert.

"If I was your mamma," continued the old lady, still in the same sweet voice, "I would give you something that you want a great deal more than a balloon."

"What?" said the midget, much interested, now opening her eyes to their widest extent.

"A good whipping!" said the old lady emphatically.

Trot sat upright, the very picture of indignant astonishment.

"My mamma never whipped me in my life!" she said.

"So I thought!" said the old lady, drily. A quiet grin went around the car; even Mrs. Yale, though she felt annoyed, could not suppress a smile, which threatened to turn to a tear when Trot added, patting her cheek, "She's too good, she is!"

"Why! you don't love your mamma, do you?" exclaimed the old lady, in a tone of surprise.

"Of tourse!" said Trot.

"I was quite sure you did *not*, from your actions," said the old lady.

"I was bad then, now I'm sorry," said the midget soberly."

"Oh!" returned the old lady. "Well, my dear, I am going to buy a balloon, and give it to the best little girl in the car. Who ought to have it, do you think?"

The midget looked carefully through the car; there was but one little girl there besides herself—a dirty, freckled, round-eyed, Irishwoman's baby sat on her mother's knee in the corner, staring placidly before her; the midget looked at her for a moment, and then gazed long and attentively at her own pretty pink shoes. Meanwhile, the old lady signalled the balloon-man, and when they arrived at the crossing, where the car stopped a moment, she made the necessary purchase.

"Here, my dear," she said, handing it to Trot, "give it to the very *best* little girl in the car. One who loves her mamma, remember."

Trot looked at it for a few moments, not admiringly, but with a face as grave as a deacon's; then she slid off her mother's lap, and tumbling up the car someway, until she reached the corner, she put the string into the Irish baby's little red fist, and turning about tumbled back to her mother again.

"You are a dear little girl!" said the old lady warmly; several heads nodded assent, and an approving murmur went around the car; before it had ceased they had reached their destination and departed, the midget throwing kisses from her tiny fingers, and saying "Dood-bye!" over and over to the old lady, while the round-eyed Irish baby looked like a terrified image of joyful surprise.—*Christian Union.*

The wise, the just, the pious, and the brave,
Live in their death, and flourish in the grave.
Joseph Green.

CARRIER-PIGEONS IN FISHING.

The h[illegible] fishing carried on in boats at [illegible] involves a certain amount of lost la[illegible] from the fact that the fish must be [illegible] immediately on the arrival of the boats with the catch in the morning. No estimate can be made of the amount of catch to be brought in, and a large force must be maintained on shore to prepare for any extra supply that may arrive in, and in case of light fares, much of this labor is wasted. To obviate this uncertainty and to give prompt information on shore of the probable return of the boats and the amount of their loads, carrier-pigeons are now employed. A bird is taken out in each boat, and when the nets have been hauled in and the amount of the catch is ascertained, the bird is let loose with the information on a slip of parchment tied round its neck. The bird at once "homes," and quickly delivers its burden at its owner's residence. The direction of the wind, the position of the boats and its prospects for the return voyage and other useful information may thus be sent ashore, and in case of unfavorable weather, directions may be sent to guide the tug-boats that go out to bring in the fleet. In our cod fishing on the Banks, "homing pigeons" might often prove of the utmost value, both in stating the position of the fleet, and in preventing loss in case of disaster, and in guiding steamers to the rescue of disabled boats. The use of parchment on the neck of the bird has several objections, and fine, light, oiled paper, carefully bound round one of the tail feathers is thought to be a much safer way of sending dispatches by pigeon express.—*Scribner.*

NELLIE'S ARITHMETIC LESSON.

"If Nellie makes her mother happy four times every day, how many times will she make her happy in a year?"

Nellie's father had brought home a new slate for her, and as she was much interested in the arithmetic, she had her mother to give her "a sum to do," and this was the question her mother had proposed.

Nellie said to herself, "If I make mother happy four times a day, then, as there are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, I shall make her happy three hunred and sixty-five times four." As she thught it would be more convenient in multiplying, she put down three hundred and sixty-five first on her slate, and four under it, and found the answer to be one thousand four hundred and sixty.

"One housand four hundred and sixty."

"One thousand four hundred and sixty time! Oh, mother, only think of it! I mean to begin to-day; and perhaps, if I try, I can make you happy more than four times a day. Perhaps I might two thousand times a year."

"But there are others in the family, Nellie. Think of your father and little brother; and Cousin Alice, too, who comes to see us sometimes. Think of all your friends. It may be in your power to make somebody happy twenty times every day, and that would be many thousand in a year. And don't forget that this arithmetic will give just as true an account of the unhappiness you cause. How sad to think you might make somebody unhappy many thousand times every year!"—*Exchange.*

BIG CLOCK AND BIG BEN.

The clock of the English House of Parliament, and the striking of the hours upon the bell known as "Big Ben," have been stopped for the second time since the clock was set up. Once the hands were stopped by a heavy fall of snow, and now it is stopped to effect repairs in the tower.

In a recent lecture on the peculiarities of the Westminster great clock, delivered by Mr. Edmund Beckett Denison before the members of the British Horological Institute, it was stated that the dial of the clock was 22 feet in diameter, the area exactly 400 square feet, and the fall of the weight 175 feet. There are five bells for chiming, and the respective weights of the four smaller bells are four tons, 36 hundredweight, 30 hundredweight, and 20 hundredweight. The weight of the hammer is 4 hundredweight. It ought to be 8 hundredweight, and until the bell cracked the hammer, which was in use did weigh 8 hundredweight. The winding up of the going part takes ten minutes, but the winding up of the striking parts—the quarter part and the hour part—takes five hours each, and this has to be done twice a week. The error of the clock amounts to only one second for eighty-three days. The weight of the pendulum is 680 pounds, and it can be accelerated a second a day by putting on an ounce weight. The figures on the enamel transparent dial are two feet in length.

The works of the clock are in thorough-going repair, and the framework bears the following inscription: "This clock made in the year of our Lord 1854, by Frederick Dent, of the Strand and Royal Exchange, clock-maker to the Queen, from the design of Edmund Beckett Denison, Q. C." Just above the clock-room is situated the bell tower, now undergoing repairs. In the centre hangs Big Ben, surrounded by the four smaller bells already alluded to. The bell is beautifully chased, and bears an inscription around the lower rim: "This bell, weighing 13 tons, 11 hundredweight, 15 pounds, was cast by George Mears, of Whitechapel, for the clock of the Houses of Parliament, under the direction of Edmund Beckett Denison, Q. C., in the twenty-first year of the reign of Queen Victoria, and in the year of our Lord 1855."

LITTLE MISS SNOWFLAKE.

Little Miss Snowflake came to town
All dressed up in her brand-new gown,
And nobody looked as fresh and fair
As little Miss Snowflake, I declare!

Out of a fleecy cloud she stepped,
Where all the rest of her family kept
As close together as bees can swarm,
In readiness for a big snow-storm.

But little Miss Snowflake couldn't wait,
And she wanted to come in greater state,
For she thought that her beauty would ne'er be known
If she came in a crowd—so she came alone.

All alone from the great blue sky
Where cloudy vessels went scudding by,
With sails all set on their way to meet
The larger ships of the snowy fleet.

She was very tired, but couldn't stop
On tall church spire or chimney top;
All the way from her bright abode
Down to the dust of a country road!

There she rested all out of breath,
And there she speedily met her death,
And nobody could exactly tell
The spot where little Miss Snowflake fell.
—*Josephine Pollard in the Christian Union.*

THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."

A ragged little errand-boy was printing this text on a gate with a piece of white chalk. So absorbed was he with his work that he never noticed a kind-looking old gentleman who, after walking slowly past twice, returned and stood behind him.

"M—y," said the boy, repeating the letters aloud as he formed them with care. "F—double e—t, feet."

"Well done, little lad, well done!" said the old gentleman. "Where did you learn that?"

"At the ragged school, sir," replied the boy, half-frightened, and thinking the old gentleman was going to deliver him up to the police for writing on the gate.

"Don't run away; I'm not going to hurt you. What is your name?"

"Nicholas."

"Nicholas what?"

"Nicholas Lambert, sir."

"You are an errand-boy, I see: isn't that your basket?"

"Yes, sir."

"So you learned the text at the ragged school. Do you know what it means?"

"No, sir," said Nicholas.

"What is a lamp?"

"A lamp? why a lamp! a thing what gives light!"

"And what is the word that the text speaks of?"

"The Bible, sir."

"That's right. How can the Bible be a lamp and give light?"

"I don't know, 'less you set it afire," said Nicholas.

"There's a better way than that, my lad. Suppose you were going down some lonely lane on a dark night with an unlighted lamp in your hand and a box of matches in your pocket, what would you do?"

"Why, light the lamp, sir," replied Nicholas, evidently surprised that any one should ask such a foolish question.

"What would you light it for?"

"To show me the road, sir."

"Very well. Now, suppose you were walking behind me one day, and saw me drop a shilling, what would you do?"

"Pick it up, and give it to you again, sir."

"Wouldn't you want to keep it for yourself?"

Nicholas hesitated: but he saw a smile on the old gentleman's face, and, with an answering one on his own, he said, "I should want to, sir, but I shouldn't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because it would be stealing."

"How do you know?"

"It would be taking what wasn't my own, and the Bible says we are not to steal."

"O," said the gentleman, "so it's the Bible that makes you honest, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you had never heard of the Bible, you would steal, I suppose."

"Lots of the boys do," said Nicholas, hanging his head.

"And the Bible shows you the right and safe path, the path of honesty?"

"Like the lamp!" said Nicholas, seeing now what all these questions meant. "Is that what the text means?"

"Yes; there is always light in the Bible to show us where to tread. But suppose you kept the slide over the lamp, would it be of any use?"

"No; there 'ud be be no light, sir."

"Neither will the Bible give us light if we keep the slide down. How can you keep the Bible slide down?"

"By keeping it shut and not reading it?" said Nicholas, doubtfully.

"That's it. Now, my lad, do you think it worth while to take this good old lamp, and let it light you right through life?"

"Yes, sir."

"*Do you think you will be safer with it?*"

"Yes, sir."

"Because if I'm honest I shan't stand no chance of going to prison."

"And what else?"

Nicholas thought for a few minutes. "If I minds the Bible, I shall go to heaven!" he said at last.

"Yes, that's the best reason for taking the lamp. It will light you right into heaven. Good-bye, my lad. Here's a shilling for you, and mind you keep the slide up."

"Sir," said Nicholas, grasping the shilling, and touching his ragged cap, "I'll mind."—*Exchange.*

Pleasantries.

The knock-kneed man can get over the landscape more rapidly than the bow-legged man; but he cannot frame it as beautifully.

The insidious cry of the peanut-shell as it comes apart should never be heard in a prayer-meeting.—*Danbury News.*

REST, SOLDIER, REST!

There was a Russian came over the sea,
Just when the war was growing hot,
And his name it was Kilikavakaree-
Karindobrolikanabudarbt-
Schibkadirrova,
Ivarditzstova-
Sanalik-
Danerik-
Varagobhot.

A Turk was standing upon the shore,
Right where the terrible Russian crossed,
And he cried: "Bismillah! I'm Ab El Kor-
Bazaroukilgonautosgobross-
Getfinpravadi-
Kligekosladji-
Grivino-
Blivido-
Jenidodosk!"

So they stood, like brave men, long and well,
And they called each other their proper names.
Till the lock-jaw seized them, and where they fell
They buried them both by the Irdoskolames-
Kalatalustchuk-
Mischtaribustceup-
Bulgari-
Dulbary-
Sagharimainz.
—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

BE PATIENT.

Be patient with your friends. They are neither omniscient nor omnipotent. They cannot see your heart and may misunderstand you. They cannot know what is best for you, and may select what is worst. Their arms are short, and they may not be able to reach what you ask. What if also they lack purity of purpose and tenacity of affections: do not you also lack these graces? Patience is your refuge. Endure, and in enduring conquer them, and if not them, then at least, yourself. Above all, be patient with your beloved. Love is the best thing on the earth, but it is to be handled tenderly, and impatience is a nurse that kills it.

Be patient with your pains and cares. We know it is easy to say and hard to do. But, dear child, you *must* be patient. These things are killed by enduring them, and made strong to bite and sting by feeding them with your frets and fears. There is no pain or care that can last long. None of them shall enter the city of God. A little while, and you shall leave behind you the whole troop of howling troubles, and forget in your first sweet hour of rest that such things were on the earth.

Be patient with your deferred hopes. The heart is sick, no doubt, but sick hearts must take the tonic of patience. All that is worth hoping for will come to the Christian. The hope itself is put in peril by the impatience that weakens and prostrates your strength. Here also you have no better resource than patience. You will reach next year just as soon by taking it quietly; the end of your preparation for life's work—your apprenticeship or college course—will come of itself. The end of all your labor is not far beyond, and need not be sighed for or impatiently expected. Clad in patience, you walk in an invisible armor, against which temptations to repine and murmur fall harmless. Put on patience against your hungry hope.

Be patient with yourself. You are full of faults, and your life abounds in blunders. Do not lash yourself sore with self-debasement. Some confidence in yourself is needful to your success. A servant who is always scolded and flogged and kicked will end in utter worthlessness. You are your own servant, and ought to be a severe master, but not a tyrant in your own house. But worse than tyranny is capricious treatment of yourself. To-day you call this servant a dear and perfect one; to-morrow you upbraid him as an ass and coward. Be patient with him; it is the only way to get work out of him.

Be patient with God. It seems almost irreverent to counsel you so. And yet, you know that even against God you have cried in your impatience. Your garden did not bloom in season or bear fruit in abundance, and in your heart you said, "God will never reward me according to my works. He has flowers for others and fruit even for the ungodly, but me He leaves in want. When shall my turn come?" Be patient. He has one time and you have another. Your time is when you desire; His time is when you can use. He sees your day of real want; you see only the hour of capricious wishes. For Him and for you there is abundance of time. His years shall not fail; nor will yours. You can afford to wait. Be patient.—*Methodist.*

CHRIST HEARING PRAYER.

On reading the fifth chapter of St. Mark, which treats of the Gadarene demoniac, the cure of the diseased woman, and the raising of Jairus' daughter, the thought occurred: "What have these wondrous miracles of a by-gone age to do with our actual life and trials to-day?" Then, on looking over the chapter with reference to the nineteenth-century life, the following suggestions and others were presented, as a few out of many such, which each part of the Bible can render up to the meditative mind.

Although Christ is no longer bodily amongst us, yet He is still present, by His Spirit, to work, even visibly, wondrous changes in the condition of violent and passion-tossed men, afflicted women, and poor weak youth, whether daughters or sons. But, in all such cases, there must generally be a personal application to Him for aid, either by the prayers of those afflicted, or by others on their behalf. The demoniac "ran and worshipped" Jesus; Jairus "besought him greatly" for his child; the afflicted woman followed after him, "pressing through the crowd." God will still, as ever of old, "be inquired of" to do for us that which we desire.

And mighty, indeed, is the power of prayer even beyond the limits of human thought, or outward laws and probabilities. Not even death bars God's power. The messenger said to Jairus, when his daughter was dead, "Why troublest thou the Master any further!" As if He had not "the keys of hell and death!" The parent still prayed on and on for his dead child, and the Lord of Life restored her. Farther, even the legions of devils prayed, and their prayer, such as it was, was granted to the wretched beings. So, alas, was the awful prayer of those who besought Jesus to depart out of their coasts.

What a lesson is all this of the force of prayer in our daily, constant needs. But, lest we should think that prayer, essential as it is, may dispense with means, this wonderful prayer-illustrating chapter closes with the significant statement that when Jesus had done what man could not do, in restoring the child, He did nothing that those around Him could do themselves, but "commanded that something should be given her to eat."—*London Record.*

SUPERNATURAL REVELATION.

The external evidences of the divine origin of Christianity have force with many persons, but those evidences are less satisfactory to the mind than the internal evidences; and while the former are open to the examination of comparatively few, the latter are patent to all. Every individual can try the Bible for himself, whether it can accomplish for him what it says it can, and when he has thus put it to the proof and experienced its singular power, he has a faith in it which cannot be shaken. He has a belief which goes down into the depths of his spiritual being and forms a part of his own personal consciousness. He believes the Bible to be divine because he has felt it to be divine; it has told him what no other book could tell, and done for him what no other book could do. "How do you know with certainty the truth of your religion?" said an inquirer to an humble, but faithful disciple. "Just as I know the sun shines, replied the other, "because I see its light and feel its heat." And so there are thousands and tens of thousands, competent and faithful witnesses, who know from their own experience, the truth of Christianity, because they have felt in their hearts and lives its transforming, and comforting and sustaining power.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

It is not for me to speculate as to what death will bring us. I imagine that it will bring us far more than most of us think. At least, this much we know: It will bring to the weary and the heavy-laden rest, and to such as missed the fulfillment here a renewal of all their hopes. You will meet with those who journeyed on, being called first, before you—the brave, the gentle and the good; and all that to-day is sweet in hope, or dear in expectation, if it be pure, and cherished purely, will come and put its arms around you, and you will have it with you as yours eternally. And unto all this, and much beside, yea, unto this vast temple of life and love, with its magnificent entablatures and majestic spaces, you who enter will enter through one door—Christ Jesus, our Lord and our Redeemer. For unto the city in which it is builded, with its many gates, each gate a solid pearl, none can climb by any other way; for He is the way, the Truth, and the Life.

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Lve. Harrisburg ...	8:00	1:35	4:30	9:10
Arr. Carlisle,.....	9:00	2:35	5:30	10:10
" Chambersburg	10:30	4:05	6:55	P. M.
" Hagerstown...	11:30	5:10	P. M.	
" Martinsburg...	12:20	6:00	P. M.	
DOWN TRAINS.	A.M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Martinsburg...		7:35		3:05
" Hagerstown....		8:25		3:55
" Chambersburg		9:30	1:00	5:06
" Carlisle.....	6:00	10:55	2:20	6:30
Arr. Harrisburg.....	7:00	11:55	3:20	7:30
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M

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General News.

HOME.

The records of the War Department show that the organized militia of the country numbers 90,865, and the unorganized 2,875,469.

A proposition has been made by a number of Senators from the Mississippi Valley, to change the time for the meeting of Congress from the first Monday in December to a date in October.

A German Lutheran clergyman in Rochester, N. York, caused a run upon the Savings Bank of that city, by alarming the depositors by means of statements made from the pulpit. The officers of the Bank were good-humored and paid all demands.

The Comptroller of the Currency reports the amount of additional national bank notes issued during the month or December at $1,745,640. The total amount of additional circulation issued under the act of January 14, 1875, to date, is $40,070,280.

The gravity of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, was upset of late, by the persistent efforts of Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood to have a woman, Mrs. Lavina C. Dundre, "unembarrassed by a husband," appointed constable.

Rev. G. F. Seymour, recently elected Bishop of the new diocese of Springfield, Illinois, has written a letter in which he rather makes his acceptance to depend upon, whether his election will be confirmed by the more general voice of the Church. A letter from Dr. Hopkins to the N. Y. *Tribune* a few weeks ago, seems to have driven the Episcopalians to party lines again, so that Dr. Seymour may be rejected in the end.

A society has been incorporated in San Francisco for the purpose of employing peaceful measures to expel Chinese from the fields and factories of California The articles of incorporation were some time ago issued by the Secretary of State. The originators claim that if the laboring classes of California will co-operate with them, and adopt their plan, it will lawfully (?) prevent Chinese competition in all mercantile branches of business, and that manufacturers will simultaneously discharge all Chinese in their employ.

FOREIGN.

The English Baptists are about to send a Mission to the region watered by the Congo River, recently explored by Henry M. Stanley.

The English Liberation Society which in engaged in urging the disestablishment of the State Church held 111 meetings in the month of November.

Continuing his practice of inviting others than State-church clergymen to preach the sermon on Missions in Westminster Abbey, on St. Andrew's Day (November 30th), Dean Stanley selected for the service this year the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, one of the leaders of the English Congregationalists. The audience was large, and in it were many of the Congregationalists of Londo .

London, December 21.—A despatch from Rome to the *Times* says: "The Ministerial crisis continues. The Chamber of Deputies yesterday adjourned indefinitely. The government meets with fresh opposition in the Senate, and there are increasing difficulties in the formation of a Ministry. There is little chance of Signors Depretis and Crispi succeeding."

The Republican triumph in France seems to be complete. President MacMahon's former reactionary statements are disavowed in his message, and his resignation is expected.

Rome, Dec. 28.—The Pope held a consistory at the Vatican to-day. Monsignore Morretti and Pellegrini were nominated as Cardinals and some Bishops were appointed. The Pope read a short allocution, thanking the Cardinals for their solicitude concerning his health, and asking them to pray to God to help the Church and preserve unimpaired the mind of its head, whose body was ailing.

London, Dec. 28.—A special despatch from Rome to the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "M. Leon Gambetta, the well-known French Republican, is expected here for an informal conference with the new Ministry on the policy of Italy toward the Vatican and on the Eastern question."

The Czar has called for 250.000 men to re-enforce his army, from which it is evident that he means to follow up his victories. Just now the heavy snows at Rustchuk prevents the movement of the Russian forces. Despatches to the N. Y. *Tribune*, dated Constantinople, Dec. 28th, 1877, says:

It is officially announced that, at the Sultan's request, England has agreed to approach Russia in regard to negotiating a peace. The announcement has had a very reassuring effect.

St. Petersburg, Friday, Dec. 28, 1877—dispatch announcing that at the request of the Sultan, England had agreed to approach Russia for the purpose of negotiating a peace causes the greatest excitement, and it is believed that the Czar will, in accordance with his oft-expressed views, reject any proposals looking to peace, other than those coming direct from the Sultan himself.

London, Saturday, Dec. 29, 1877—*The Advertiser* publishes the following in official form: "We understand that the Sultan has solicited the British Government to approach the Czar, with a view to bring about negotiations for peace, and the British Government has consented to do so." This announcement is officially confirmed.

The Post (semi-official), in its leading article, says the duty which England has undertaken is not embarrassed by any basis for the settlement of the war, and involves nothing more than to test the willingness of Russia to enter into negotiations, the terms of peace being a matter for subsequent consideration.

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The English Almanac for 1878 is ready for distribution. It is a neat affair, and will be sold at the following rates.

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GERMAN ALMANAC.

We have received a supply of this Almanac, which we will sell at publisher's prices, namely, $1.00 per dozen, postage prepaid when sent by mail. Ten cents per single copy, from which twenty-five per cent. will be deducted, when sent by Express, and more than one dozen are ordered. A sample copy sent by mail on receipt of twelve cents.

Married.

On the 27th of Dec., at Turbutville, Pa., by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, Mr. Stephen Grave, to Miss Jane M. E. Strauss, both of Montour Co., Pa.

At the Reformed parsonage, in Berwick, Pa., on the 8th of Dec., by Rev. T. Derr, Mr. Lemuel K. Harmon, to Miss Alice D. Kester, both of Salem, Luzerne Co.

At the same place and by the same, on the 15th of Dec., Mr. Jerome Wildrick, to Miss Christiana Eroh, both of Hollenback, Luzerne Co., Pa.

On Christmas day, at Uwchland, Chester county, by Prof. W. M. Reily, Nathan E. Sterner, to Miss Anna B. Linn.

Obituaries.

DIED—Suddenly in Wilkinsburg, Pa., on the 9th of November, 1877, Mrs. Catharine Snyder, aged 62 years, 6 months and 18 days.

DIED—In Louden, Pa., Dec. 20th, 1877, *Mr. Samuel Burgess*, aged 81 years, 1 month and 16 days.

Mr. Burgess, the father of Hon. Wm. Burgess, of Richmond, Pa., came to Loudon from Mercersburg in 1822, at the age age of 26. At the time of his death, he was one of the *four oldest* citizens of the place. He was industrious in his habits, mild and quiet in his temperament, and was a regular member of the Reformed Church. The *first day* of his recent sickness which issued in death, he witnessed the *framing* of the *Church Spire* on the new Reformed Church. At the time of his death, the *bell* in this *Church Spire, now finished*, and so significantly pointing the weary pilgrim to Heaven as his home, *tolled for him first!* His funeral was largely attended on Saturday, when the pastor preached from Is. 3: 10. J. H.

DIED.—Of typhoid fever, on the 10th inst., at Herndon, Pa., William H. Deppen, in his 22d year.

William H. Deppen was early consecrated to God in holy baptism, and at proper age instructed in the doctrine of our holy religion, and confirmed a full member of the Reformed Church at St. Peter's. Since then he has led a faithful Christian life. He was exemplary in his walk and conversation, and regular in his attendance upon the public means of grace in the sanctuary. On the 18th ult. he celebrated the dying love of Jesus in the holy communion of the Lord's Supper for the last time upon the earth. He died in the triumph of faith, looking for a blissful immortality. He leaves a widow and two orphan children to mourn his early demise. May the God of the widow and orphan comfort the disconsolate; shield them against a cold and friendless world, and bring them to their end in peace.

His remains were laid beneath the clods of the valley at the St. Peter's cemetery on the 12th inst., in the presence of a large assembly, and the hope of a glorious resurrection. "Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." A. R. H.

Acknowledgments.

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Zollinger, J, Zartman, W V, Zehring, C D, Ziegler, G E, Zollinger, J.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Dec. 29th, 1877.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]

FLOUR.	Wheat, Superfine	$4.75@5.00
	" Extra Family	6.35@6.50
	" Fancy	7.75@8.75
	Rye	3.90@4.00
	Corn meal	3.10@3.20
	Buckwheat meal	2.75@2.80
GRAIN.	Wheat, White	1.46@1.52
	" Red	1.41@1.42
	Rye	71@73
	Corn, Yellow	65@66
	" White	57@58
	Oats	35@37
	Barley	85@1.00
GROCERIES.	Sugar, Cuba	7¼@7½
	" Refined cut loaf	10½@10½
	" " crushed	10@10½
	" " powdered	9⅞@10
	" " granulated	9⅞@10
	" " A	9⅜@10
	Coffee, Rio, gold	12½@19½
	" Maracaibo, gold	17½@18½
	" Laguayra, gold	17@18
	" Java, gold	21@23½
PROVISIONS.	Mess Pork	13.00@13.37½
	Dried Beef	15@17
	Sugar cured Hams	12@13
	Lard	7½@8
	Butter, Roll extra	23@24
	Butter, Roll Common	19@20
	" Prints, extra	31@34
	" " Common	27@30
	" Grease	8@8½
	Eggs	24@25
SEEDS.	Clover	7.50@8.50
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